

The Sketch

No. 1313—Vol. CI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1918

NINEPENCE.



A DISTINGUISHED HELPER OF THE Y.W.C.A. FLAG DAY: THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who actively helped the funds of the Y.W.C.A. on "Women's Day," was, before her marriage to the Marquess of Carisbrooke (son of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, P.C., K.G.) Lady Irene Frances Adza Denison, daughter of the second Earl of Londesborough. The Marquess of Carisbrooke was then Prince Alexander of Battenberg. He is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards,

and has fought in the European War. The Prince's surname was changed to Mountbatten, and the Marquessate of Carisbrooke conferred upon him, in the year of his marriage, two days before the ceremony took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on July 19, 1917. It was formally announced at the time that the marriage had the "entire sanction and approval of the King."—[Photograph by Langfieri.]



At the Opera. "Tristan" was not given till the season was some fortnight old, and a full house acclaimed its appearance. The performance was on accepted lines, and went well from start to finish, Rosina Buckman and Frank Mullings doing, as accustomed, justice to the exacting music allotted to Isolda and Tristan, while Robert Radford as Kurwenal, and Norman Allin as the infelicitous but surviving Mark, were good as ever. A, to me, new Brangäne was forthcoming in Juliette Autran, who looked



"The war has taught us that spring cleaning, so beloved by the careful housewife, is really not necessary."—*Daily Paper.*

extremely captivating, and although at times apparently suffering from nervousness, acted with point and intelligence, and sang acceptably. Mr. Julius Harrison conducted with discretion, and, where necessary, with fervour, and the calls at the end of the second act showed that the audience were as much enamoured of the musical and artistic effect of the love-potion as

ever. I never can quite understand why the name of the expert who supplies the *cor anglais* solo in the third act should not appear on the programme: he contributes an essential and distinctive element, and, anyway, I tender my humble tribute of appreciation. Lady Cunard, in the Royal Box, was entertaining a large party, including several American officers from the American Club in Cavendish Square, whose members she visits regularly. Lady Wernher was in the Stage Box with friends; and a little further along, Mrs. Charles Hunter, who is a well-known patron of all the arts, was with some friends. Lady Churston was in the Duke of Bedford's box, and Lady Randolph Churchill was opposite her. In the stalls I noticed Lady Talbot, Lady Dugdale, Lady Burton, Mr. Greyson (Guards), and Mr. William Talbot, who used to be one of the regular opera-goers of the old days. The Saturday matinée of "Faust" displayed the theatre in something of a holiday mood, for the usual occupants of the boxes were almost as conspicuous by their absence as they generally are by their presence, and in their stead were to be seen, for the most part, convalescing warriors, nurses, and the unphotographed type of war-worker. "Faust" retains its popularity by reason—

I take it—of its charming music, for the plot would strike the average Modern as very naïve; while the

amiable, sympathetic, and charitable brother Valentine is nowadays a repellent rather than an attractive figure. But Gounod's music has probably no equal of its kind, and it is chastening to reflect that he was persuaded by our misguided progenitors to perpetrate oratorio for English provincial "Festivals" instead of enriching posterity with work for which he was temperamentally adapted. Of the performance it is only necessary to say that, under the safe guidance of Mr. Percy Pitt, it left nothing to be desired.

They Knew!

"Tosca" was given under the leadership of Julius Harrison, who seems to be coming into his own

as a conductor. The great second act, with its attendant horrors, had full justice from Jeanne Broda, who was appropriately emotional and tragic as Tosca, and Frederic Austin, whose cynical and restrained interpretation of the saurian-like Scarpia is one of the features of the contemporary operatic stage. Calls were numerous at the end of the act—to be exact, seven—a fact which sufficiently evidences the feeling of the house. Maurice d'Oisly sang the music allotted to Cavaradossi with great charm, and his acting was, as always, sound. But the plot of grand opera makes large demands, and I heard a discussion between two warriors which amused me. One of them apparently found it extremely difficult to retain a proper sense of illusion; for it will be remembered that Cavaradossi, after being tortured and re-tortured to fainting-point, shortly indulges in some extremely robust vocalism—expressive, apparently, of his feelings for the ineffable Scarpia. The comment was: "If that chap had lost the amount of blood he is supposed to have lost, he wouldn't have been able to speak—let alone ask for a box of matches."

The death of Wassily Safonoff at the comparatively early age of sixty-six will have come as a shock to habitués of Queen's Hall, where he was an established favourite with orchestra, vocalists, and audience. His appearance may best be described as shaggy, while his gait and gestures were awkward, but he conducted with evident delight, and, partly, perhaps, because he never used a bâton, was extremely interesting to follow.

The Links and the Field.

Names famous in the sporting world before the war have a great knack of cropping up again now, disproving Kipling's old tirade against "flannelled fools" just at the moment when we are most ready to question the truth of his indictment. Hezlet is a name of real weight amongst golfers, and the latest list of distinctions in the field includes Lieutenant (acting Major) C. O. Hezlet, R.G.A., who is awarded the D.S.O. Just before the war Major Hezlet was runner-up in the Amateur

Golf Championship, played at Sandwich, his three famous sisters, between them, having won the Ladies' Open Golf Championship thrice, supplied the runner-up in that event on four occasions, and the winner of the Irish Ladies' Championship five times. No mean record—in fact, a very good foundation of medals gold and silver on which to place the coveted D.S.O.

Of Many Attainments.

Talking of golf reminds one of the boundless energy Lady (Ellis) Griffith was wont to expend in the organisation of the Welsh Ladies' International Team. Resplendent with fiery dragon badges, they went forth to battle with England, Scotland, and Ireland; they might not meet with great success, but they had excellent fun, and "gallant little Wales" was a hard-worked term at the season of international matches. Nowadays Lady Griffith turns her organising ability to flag days



Combing-out—to the amusement of the smooth-haired.

"It being found that high-class wool can be spun from the combings of long-haired dogs, a British Dogs' Wool Association has been formed."—*Daily Paper.*



THE QUEEN AT THE "HOME FRONT": HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—[Photograph by C.N.]



BRIDESMAIDS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS CAMPBELL, MISS SHEILA MACDOUGALL, AND MISS MAXWELL.

The above were bridesmaids at the wedding of Brigadier-General Walter Maxwell Scott and Miss Maire MacDougall.—[Photograph by C.N.]



April 1.
Dora locks up London's toys.

for Welsh soldiers, and St. David's Day owed much to her untiring efforts. If the truth were known, Lady Griffith ought to be teaching us all how to cook and how to run, our households on irreproachably splendid lines, for she was lucky enough in her youth to be given a thoroughly practical education in such matters.

An Interesting House.

Very many volumes might be filled with the history of the various houses in London given over to war-work, even when their exterior gives no hint of a romantic past. The American Red Cross, for instance, is housed in a solid, stolid-looking mansion in George Street, Hanover Square, generously lent by Sir Charles Allom, of the National Party. Who would have suspected that those walls once harboured such a picturesque figure as George Wombwell, the first proprietor of a travelling menagerie in England, who, when he was not travelling the country with his wild beasts, was entertaining such folk as the great Count D'Orsay and the royal Fitzclares in the days of George IV.?



"Pig clubs are to be established in Dorset with the object of utilising surplus vegetables and waste from allotments and gardens."—Daily Paper.

in the hunting-field. Canteen work both here and in France has taken up all such of her time during the past year as was not spent in preparations for the marriage of her daughter to young Lord Rodney, of the Guards. As well as canteens, Mrs. Lowther takes the very greatest interest in the work of the Triangle Library. This branch of the Y.M.C.A. sends out books to all such camps and hospitals as are not otherwise catered for by the Red Cross or the Camps Library.



POLITICS AND POTATOES: AN M.P.'S HOUSEHOLD OFF TO WORK. Mrs. Mildmay, wife of Colonel Mildmay, M.P., with her children and servants, is here seen starting for work on the family potato ground, which they cultivate with great ardour, in accordance with Mr. Lloyd George's recent advice.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Duchess of Sutherland is another keen supporter of the Y.M.C.A. activity in this direction. Both of these good patriots, by the way, have a very happy knack in the matter of public speaking. I remember hearing the Duchess let fall the *mot juste* that the Y.M.C.A. was doing marvels for our men "both in France and abroad."



"If a few runner beans are planted on the cabbage patch, caterpillars will give but little trouble."—Daily Paper.

defatigable in collecting the jewels. The Duchess of Marlborough presided *elle-même* over the sale-case, where for sums from 2s. 6d. to £5 you may buy curious and interesting "bits" and trinkets. The



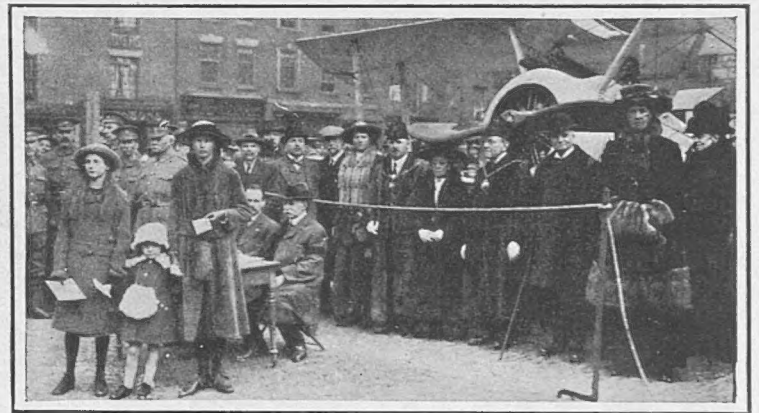
GOLFING IN AID OF ST. DUNSTON'S: BRAID, TAYLOR, HERD, AND RAY AT ROMFORD—WALKING TO THE EIGHTH HOLE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Last Note of the Horn.

So we have hunted our last for the season! There is nobody so gloomy as the hunting man or woman when the season is over, so we need not pay too much attention to the folk who say that it may be years before we follow the little red gentleman again; and, in any case, many of us have had to give up hunting long ago. There was never a keener sportswoman in all London than the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, but it is many a long day since she was to be seen

is a royal contribution from Queen Alexandra—an ancient Indian bracelet and a Russian jade-and-enamel tray, and a diamond-and-pearl buckle from Princess Victoria. Lady Rhondda has sent a diamond cluster pendant, and so has Mrs. Lloyd George; whilst the Premier's offering is a diamond-and-pearl scarf-pin. From Lady Diana Manners comes a charming diamond bow; and Lady Cunard's wrought-gold bag with a *cinquecento* Italian mount is exquisite. Mrs. Lionel Rothschild has sent a crystal scent-bottle with a stopper of



LICHFIELD'S AEROPLANE BANK: THE OPENING DAY.

The three girls on the left were the first purchasers of War Bonds. The tallest is the Hon. Antonia Benson, Lord Charnwood's daughter. Lady Charnwood is seen on the right, and in the centre are the Mayor and Mayoress.—[Photograph by C.N.]

gold-encrusted with diamonds and pearls. Lady Jellicoe sent two bracelets of cabuchon stones. From Lady Bancroft there is a tourmaline parure; Lady Tree's diamond-circle pendant on a long chain has (I wonder why?) a wedding-ring attached to it; Ellen Terry gives a jewelled peacock-buckle, Lily Brayton (Mrs. Oscar Asche) an antique cross of rubies and turquoise, and Lily Elsie a diamond-and-ruby brooch.

A Crucial War Question.

Mr. Percy Shuttlewood read an extremely interesting paper on "The Food Position in Germany," at the Society of Arts last week; and his careful and balanced estimate of the situation was followed with great interest. The Germans were, as a nation, he considered, suffering from semi-starvation, and dysentery and various forms of intestinal trouble were rife owing both to malnutrition and to the injurious effects of certain food substitutes which were being largely used. Capacity for work had very considerably decreased, and the essential war industries of the country were suffering proportionately. The nominal rations of the German people were very much smaller than our own, and almost everything either edible or drinkable was rationed; but this was not all, for, small as the rations were, there was practically no part of Germany to-day in which one could actually obtain the quota nominally allotted. The result was that the German people had passed into a state of dull apathy which contrasted very strikingly with the exhilaration of an earlier period. Such, however, was the grip which the military authorities had over the country, that revolution was unlikely, although undoubtedly the moral of the nation was rapidly deteriorating. Referring to the U-boat campaign, the lecturer said that before commencing "unrestricted" operations, the experts were consulted, and they one and all advised that the result would be that England would find herself at the end of her resources within six months, and be compelled to sue for peace.



A lot more allotments.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Old Cats' Corner.

Chivvied into the pure air of the country for a brief period by a phalanx of doctors, I have been making a few fairly unimportant discoveries.

I have discovered, for one thing, that the semicircle of stout and ancient cats to be found in any safe and quite comfortable hotel deeply resent the arrival of new guests in the hotel. A war-weary lady who ventured to occupy a chair in that corner of the cats' parlour furthest from the fire was compelled to listen, over her coffee and *Illustrated London News*, to this sort of chat—

"Have you noticed what a number of people are coming down here from London just now?"

"Oh, indeed, yes! The proprietor was telling me only this morning that he has to refuse applications for rooms all day long!"

"Quite so. You know why there is such a rush, of course?"

"Certainly. The raids. They tell me London is half empty."

"Must be, judging by the number we get here. Such a pity, I think, that London people should do that sort of thing!"

"Oh, it's disgraceful! Why don't they all stay where they are and brave it out? That would be the *English* thing to do!"

"Instead of inconveniencing the regular patrons of an hotel like this! Really, there ought to be a law made to prevent people from ever leaving London until the war is over!"

Dogs and Their Mangers.

This is my second discovery.

I have discovered that, in the South of England, situated on the crests and the slopes of hills, bathed from morn to eve in exquisite spring sunshine, spring flowers thrusting their little heads through the turf, birds singing in every bush, and all that, you know, there are a number of very charming houses. White houses, for the most part, with flat roofs, and balconies, and jalousies, and so forth.

You knew that? Yes, you did. But did you also know that these houses are standing empty? Did you know that, save for a caretaker or so, there is not a soul to enjoy the glorious English spring from these coigns of vantage? Did you know that the rooms are closed, the corridors silent, the lawns and paths untrodden?

No, you had scarcely realised that. And now I will tell you why these delightful beauty-spots and health-resorts are being wasted. Because the spring is not yet sufficiently advanced to tempt the owners into the country, and there are no wounded soldiers or invalided officers who would enjoy a few weeks in these rural palaces. There are no men in our midst who have given a lung, or a limb, or an eye, or a foot for England and the Cause of Civilisation the world over.

If there were—if Europe was convulsed, let us say, with a mighty and a bloody war—how swiftly the generous owners would throw

wide their country mansions and bid the men who have fought for them and their great possessions enter therein and seek happiness and renewed health!

Why, of course!

The Quaintest Church.

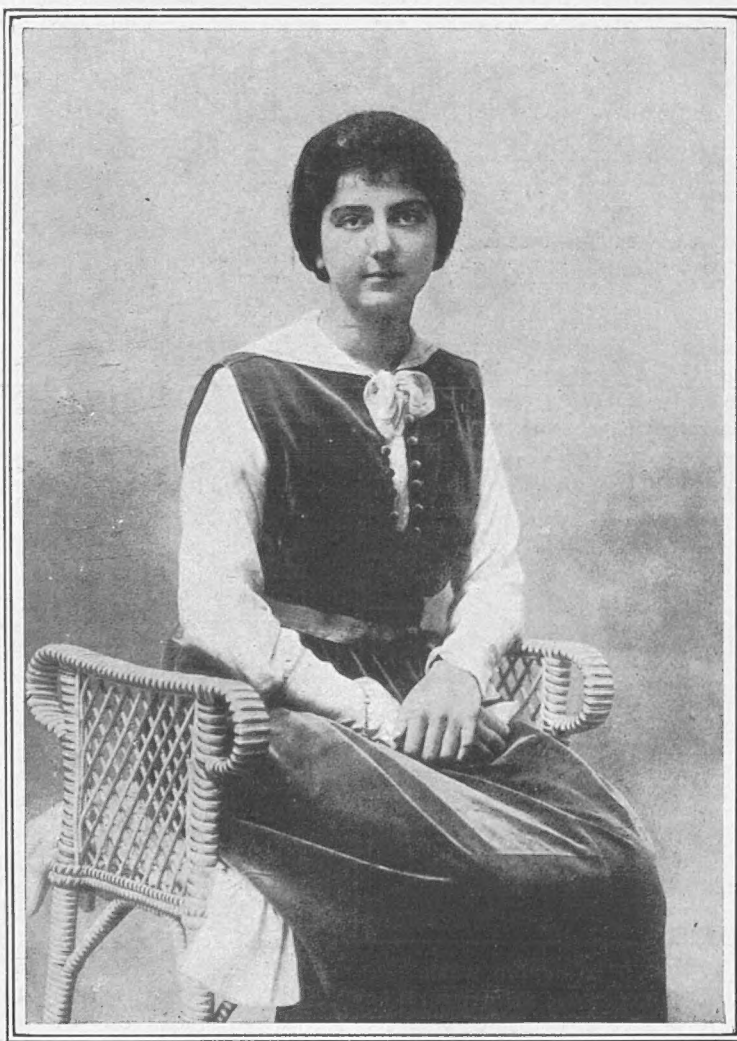
My third discovery is a pretty discovery—the lump of sugar after the horrid medicine.

I have discovered the quaintest little church in England. Oh, it is quite well known, you know; but I lived within four miles of it for years, and never discovered it before.

It is a wee church, no bigger than your smallest parlour. It is quite round, and the huge oak beams run across and across it within

seven feet of the floor. From the outside, you would never guess that this building was a church. You would say, indeed, that it was a windmill, for the great sails are still there, although they no longer turn.

A church in a windmill! Is there another such to be found in all the length and breadth of the land? I very much doubt it; but one can never be sure. At any rate, no cathedral could be more complete; and no cathedral worshippers, I swear, could be more devout than the tiny congregations that assemble, Sunday after Sunday, in the ground floor of the old windmill. A pretty idea, prettily and most reverently carried into actuality.



AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT: H.R.H. PRINCESS YOLANDA.

The Princess Yolanda Margaret of Savoy, of whom we give a new photograph, is the eldest of the three daughters of H.M. Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy, and was born, in Rome, on June 1, 1901.—[Photograph by Pisculli.]

The Return of Optimism.

I wonder if you have yet come

across it, friend the reader, this sudden renewal of optimism? Perhaps it has not yet reached the town, for the town is always slower than the country to yield to the influences of spring sunshine and the first daffodils and primroses and snowdrops.

I listened to a group of them talking—a group of serious, responsible, care-laden fathers of families, with sons in the trenches and daughters in hospitals—or breeches.

"Have you heard that very shortly——?"

"I know for a fact that it is their intention——!"

"What a grand day that will be when——!"

"And much sooner than most people expect!"

"The puzzle to me is that they didn't do it long ago!"

"Anyway, if it comes off——"

"Oh, it's bound to come off! And then——!"

"This year?"

"Oh, yes—this year!"

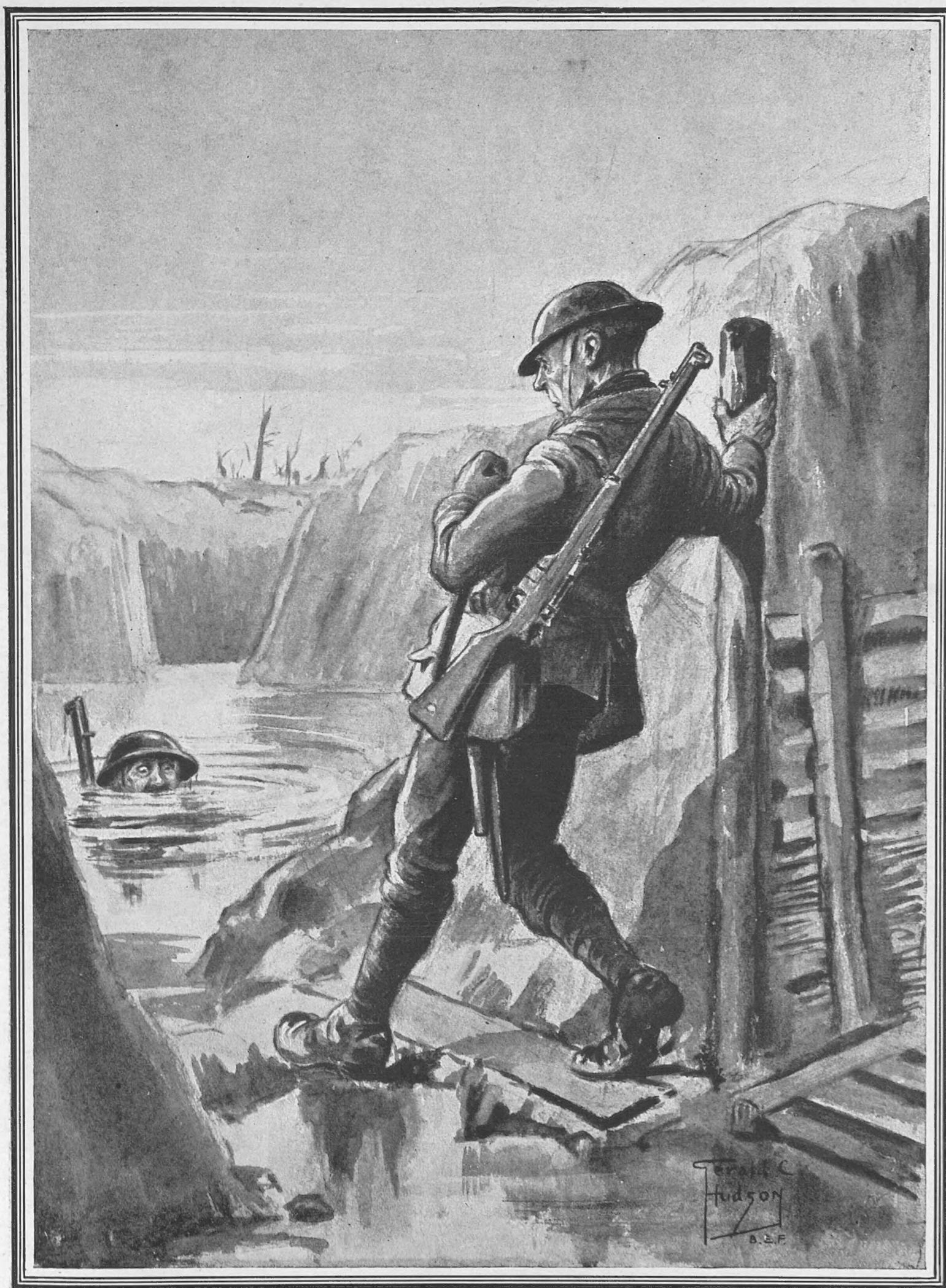
"You really think so?"

"My dear man, I'm certain of it!"

"Well, all I can say is, here's to it!"

A long, silent toast; a careful setting-down of glasses; a smile of quiet confidence on every face.

PERISCOPE AND ALL!



THOMAS (encountering a pal navigating on the surface in a flooded crater): Lor! 'Enry, 'ow you did make me jump.
I thought you was a submarine.

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.

MILITARY AND DIPLOMATIC NOTABILITIES, AND WA



WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN: LT.-COL. J. K. DICK-CUNYNGHAM.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD FRENCH: THE HON. MRS. E. GERALD FRENCH.



WIFE OF A RECENTLY CREATED PEER: LADY LAWRENCE.



DAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA: MISS MERIEL BUCHANAN.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA: LADY BUCHANAN.



DAUGHTER OF THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN: MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK.

Lt.-Col. James K. Dick-Cunyngham, brother of Sir William Dick-Cunyngham, Bt., is a Staff officer. He served also in the South African War. In 1905 he married Miss Alice Daisy Deane.—Mrs. E. Gerald French is the wife of Major the Hon. E. Gerald French, D.S.O., Viscount French's youngest son.—Lady Lawrence's husband, formerly Sir Joseph Lawrence, was recently made a Baron.—Lady Mond, wife of Sir Alfred Mond, Bt., has been "mentioned" for her work at her Auxiliary Hospital at Melchet Court, Romsey.—Mrs. Guy Nevill is wife of the eldest son of Lord George Nevill, A.D.C. on the persona' staff in France. She has been "mentioned" for her work as superintendent of her father, Mr. J. W. Larnach's hospital at Hove.—Mrs. Noel Bligh is the wife of the Hon. Noel Bligh, younger

WORKERS: SOME INTERESTING SOCIETY PORTRAITS.



"MENTIONED" FOR HOSPITAL WORK:
LADY MOND.



"MENTIONED" FOR
HOSPITAL WORK: THE
HON. MRS. GUY NEVILL.



LORD DARNLEY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: THE HON. MRS.
NOEL BLIGH AND HER DAUGHTERS.



WIDOW OF LORD NEWBOROUGH, WELSH
GUARDS: LADY NEWBOROUGH.



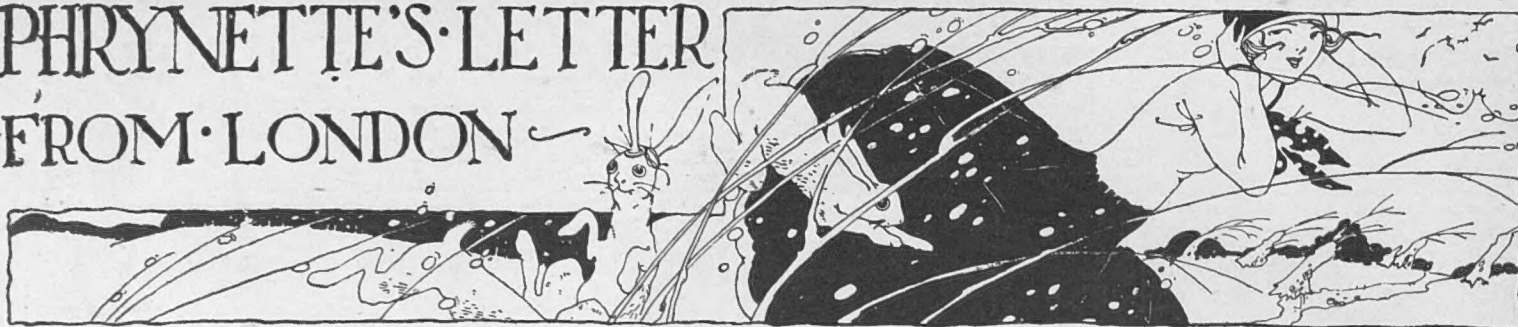
DAUGHTER OF
THE EARL OF
HUNTINGDON:
LADY KATHLEEN
CURZON-HERRICK.



WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER: BARONESS
MONGHEUR AND Mlle. KATHLEEN MONGHEUR.

son of the Earl of Darnley, and now on active service.—Lady Georgina Buchanan is the wife of Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador who recently returned from Petrograd. She is a daughter of the sixth Earl Bathurst.—Miss Elizabeth Pollock is a daughter of Mr. Adrian Pollock, the City Chamberlain. Her sister Anne recently married Captain Cyril Asquith.—Lady Newborough is the widow of the fourth Baron, who was in the Welsh Guards, and died as a result of active service in 1916.—Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and wife of Mr. William Montague Curzon-Herrick.—Baroness Mongheur is the wife of Baron Mongheur, Belgian Minister in London.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



STAGE - MISTRESS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

NOWADAYS any profession, apart from the Law (which does not mean any lawless profession, mark you!) is open to women. An officer friend of mine, who before the war worshipped at the shrine of Thespis, was dying of ennui in a small town in Scotland when he saw the name of an erstwhile comrade starred at the local theatre. He hied him thither that evening, and, being conversant with the etiquette of the profession, did not—as I have been told, but hardly believe, some very young and green "yous" have done—attempt to rush the stage-door, but sent a note in to his friend begging him to ask the stage-manager's permission to allow him to come up to the dressing-room for a yarn. In a very few minutes a lovely and alluring little lady, with whom he had often acted in days of peace, appeared. She was wearing an exquisite black evening dress, in which she looked delightfully feminine and alluring.

"You can pass in, Captain Launcelot," said she in a most official voice. "I do not, as a rule, allow visitors; but as you are an old friend, a brother actor, and an officer, I am delighted to make an exception in your favour."

"That's a good rag," said the officer. "Now be a good, kind girl, run and find the stage-manager, and ask him if I can go up to—Smith's room."

"You should read the bills better," replied the charmer. "I am the stage-manager."

"Are you, by Jove? Then why these 'glad rags'?" asked the perplexed officer.

"Most necessary for the dignity of my position. Do not mere men stage-managers wear evening dress in case they have to go in front of the curtain and apologise for some hitch in the performance? Certainly I could face an exasperated audience far better than in an old skirt and jumper. Then it has a great effect on the stage-hands—always kittle cattle, and very difficult to get at any time. Well, now there is positive competition to come and assist me. By the way, I call myself stage-mistress—sounds so cosy; manageress suggests a cheap boarding-house, and supervisor a munition factory. Now come along—they are just going to strike—and see how they dance to my piping."

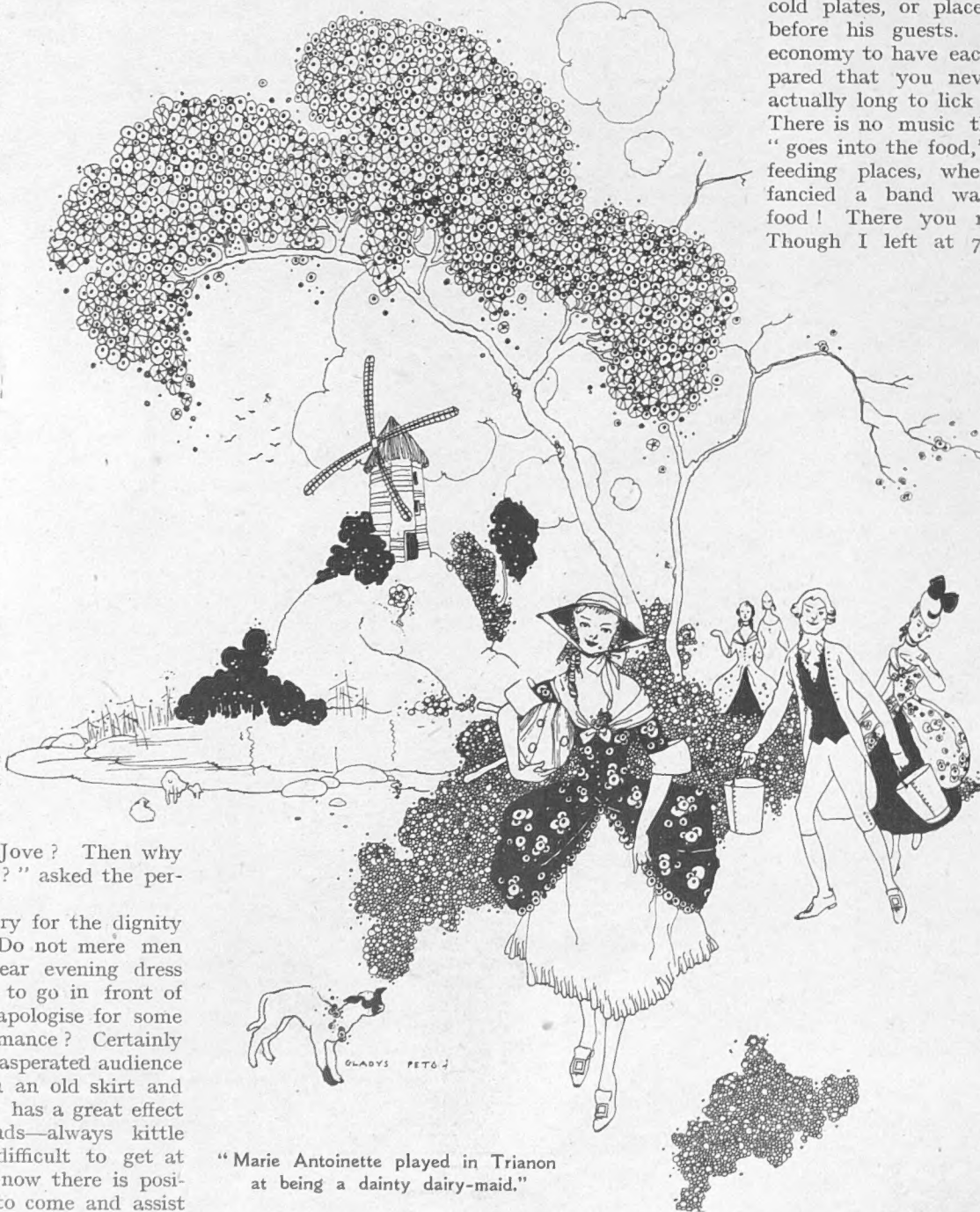
The soldier followed, and was amazed at the swift response to the silver whistle she used as a signal for striking, setting, and moving of props. So amazed, in fact, that he thought it worth while to tell me all about it. As for me, nothing that my sisters do can

surprise me. There is no being more adaptable than woman. "Give me a shepherdess," said Alphonse Karr, "and in a fortnight I make a duchess of her." Perhaps he was thinking of a reverse case, and how Marie Antoinette played in Trianon at being a dainty dairymaid.

Dined last night at Treiglie's, the little Italian restaurant in Church Street where Caruso always had a table when he was singing in London. Time changes, but the quality of the food here never. Lord Rhondda may decide the weight of what we have (and every rule is observed), but I don't think the threat of being shot in the Tower moat would persuade the proprietor to serve hot food on

cold plates, or place badly prepared dishes before his guests. Surely it's a national economy to have each *plat* so carefully prepared that you never waste a crumb, and actually long to lick your plate (oh, hush!). There is no music there, so all the money "goes into the food," in contrast to certain feeding places, where I have sometimes fancied a band was hired to drown the food! There you really don't want one. Though I left at 7.15, there had already

arrived this so gifted company: Miss Ida Adams, wearing a long black Persian-lamb coat, with monumental collar and muff of chinchilla, and high black hat of the very newest shape just hot from Paris; Mr. Frederick Norton, his face wreathed in smiles; and an oh so handsome officer in the lovely uniform of the Italian Flying Corps. It had on the real grey (*poivre et sel*) sleeve, the most lovely gold wings, that rather suggest Mercury—surely he should be the airman's god. 'Twas whispered that he was the hero of the flight from Turin to London, and I quite believe it. Anyway, he had had enough *flair* to come where his native macaroni would not be soaked before being boiled—that is really about the most serious crime of which I have found you, my dear Allies and hosts, guilty.



"Marie Antoinette played in Trianon at being a dainty dairy-maid."

James H. Dowd, who is a Lance-Corporal in the R.A.M.C. at the Third London General Hospital, as well as an exceedingly clever artist—you know his drawings in *Punch*—has made an effective cartoon on the wall of his room in the hospital. It is called "The Magic Mat," and shows a wounded Tommy being transported from the Front to the Third London General Hospital. The cartoon, which is reproduced in the last month's *Hospital Gazette*, is very effective, and has been admired by Queen Amélie, who works in the

hospital, and went to view it; also by Princess Louise—an artist herself. James Dowd says some of the things he hears in hospital are too mirth-provoking to allow of his illustrating them properly. Every line he draws gets a kink as gusts of laughter overtake him at the recollections evoked. By the way, you know his drawing showing the kind lady going the rounds of the wards with a basket full of eggs, and asking every man whether he had lost his feet, and, on receiving a negative, she remarks "These eggs are only for those who have no feet," illustrates a fact. There was such a person! Who would have believed it?

Peggy and Phrynette stand corrected. This is what an amiable Riviera reader writes—

"SOMewhere on the Riviera.
"DEAR PHRYNETTE,—I fear your young friend Peggy is pulling your—ahem!—your ankle! Her idea that to take trains on the Riviera it is necessary to prove you are a war-worker makes us Riviera-ites smile! No, lady dear, you may believe me, things are not like that in La Belle France! No one over here spends his—or more often *her*—time trying to prevent the other fellow from having

a good time. If you want to work, you work; if you want to play, you play; and everyone, like Brer Rabbit, goes on sayin' nuthin'!

"Nothing to me is more wonderful and admirable than this spirit of *tolerance* that not even forty-two months of the *enemy on their soil* has been able to kill in the French.

"The enemy on the soil for nearly four years! And for over two years no further from Paris than Oxford is from London! And they never fuss—never start clucking like a lot of old hens that it is shocking to see this, and

disgraceful to do that, and how dare Mrs. Jones give dinners, and how dare Mr. Smith drink champagne, and won't somebody please have it stopped at once!

"They have never lost their sense of proportion; they have not unlearned '*l'art de vivre*' through all the horror and misery of these years of invasion.

"Train-tickets only given if you are doing war work? Why, Phrynette, all last summer they ran day and night expresses to Vichy and Aix, Contrexéville and Biarritz, with sleepers and restaurant-cars—and heaven knows how they did it, for there are no "exemptions" over here. From nineteen to forty-eight, every blessed Man Jack of them is under arms; *nothing* gets you out of that but deadly infirmity or disease—even widows' only sons and priests.

"So doesn't it make it all the finer of them that they 'keep smiling' *outside*; that Paris is so gay you wouldn't know, till nightfall, that there was a war; and that the girls flit about as before—just looking pretty, and rejoicing the hearts of their menkind when they get *permissions*?

"There is a very strong feeling over here that girls should have their youth unspoiled, and, after the enthusiasm of the first year, the girls gave in to their men's wishes and became just girls again. A different point of view, you see—the Latin's tendency to think his feminine belongings just a wee bit tainted if they touch the cruel, rough things of life.

"And every *permissionnaire*, officer or mere *poilu*, will tell you *nothing* gives him back his joy in life like finding his wife, his daughters, or his sweetheart radiant and dainty, filling his tired, war-weary ears with woman's chatter, and his tired eyes with the sense of their 'apartness' from all the horror he has lived with.

"When one tells them of our wonderful women workers at home, with their canteens and their motor-cars, they say it is splendid, and all

right for *them*, but that their women would be coarsened. *Que voulez-vous—chaque pays a sa façon de faire face à la guerre.*

"Ah, dear Phrynette, who chatters so lightly and charmingly, and brings us a breath of old England, I wish I could send you just a ray of our sunshine. Five weeks of sun and blue sky and bluer sea! With the Promenade des Anglais at Nice a blaze of many-tinted sunshades and uniforms, the light-blue of the Frenchmen contrasting with the khaki of our own boys—six hundred or so lunching daily at the big hotels, and the Casino on the Pier playing sweet music to double that

number crowded in there for the 'five o'clock.'

"As to Monte, it is not so gay as Nice, but it does its best. The Casino shuts up shop at 10 p.m., but the Sporting Club is open till 1.30 a.m., and there the big players congregate—Mr. Hennessy (of cognac fame) rarely plays less than maximums, and 'broke the bank' three times in one evening. Among others who are ardent players is Mme. de Bittencourt; and the lookers-on include the Aga Khan, Lord Nunburnholme, Lord and Lady Bate-man, Prince and Princess Dhuleep Singh, and royalties *de passage* whom discretion forbids naming.

"The Opera Season opened last week in a blaze of glory, Battistini singing in '*Rigoletto*' to the joy of a packed house. Last night, '*Traviata*,' with Battistini, Schipa (the wonderful young tenor), and Pareto—the Patti of the near future, say the cognoscenti.

"As to food, it is so good and plentiful that I only hope it finds you as it leaves us—after meals!

"We must not forget the good ladies who meet every afternoon at the '*Ouvroirs*' at Nice, Monte, and Mentone. Rumour has it that their little tongues go even faster than their fair hands. And that an absent fair one has but little character left her when the day is done—nothing, in fact, but a liberal addition to the years Father Time has bestowed on her. No doubt this is calumny, and the pretty lips are as gentle as the dainty hands. It behoves not a mere man to venture an opinion—in its stead let a mere man thank you for your delightful writing, and humbly kiss your hand.

Long life and prosperity to you and *The Sketch*, which rejoices us exiles, and especially,

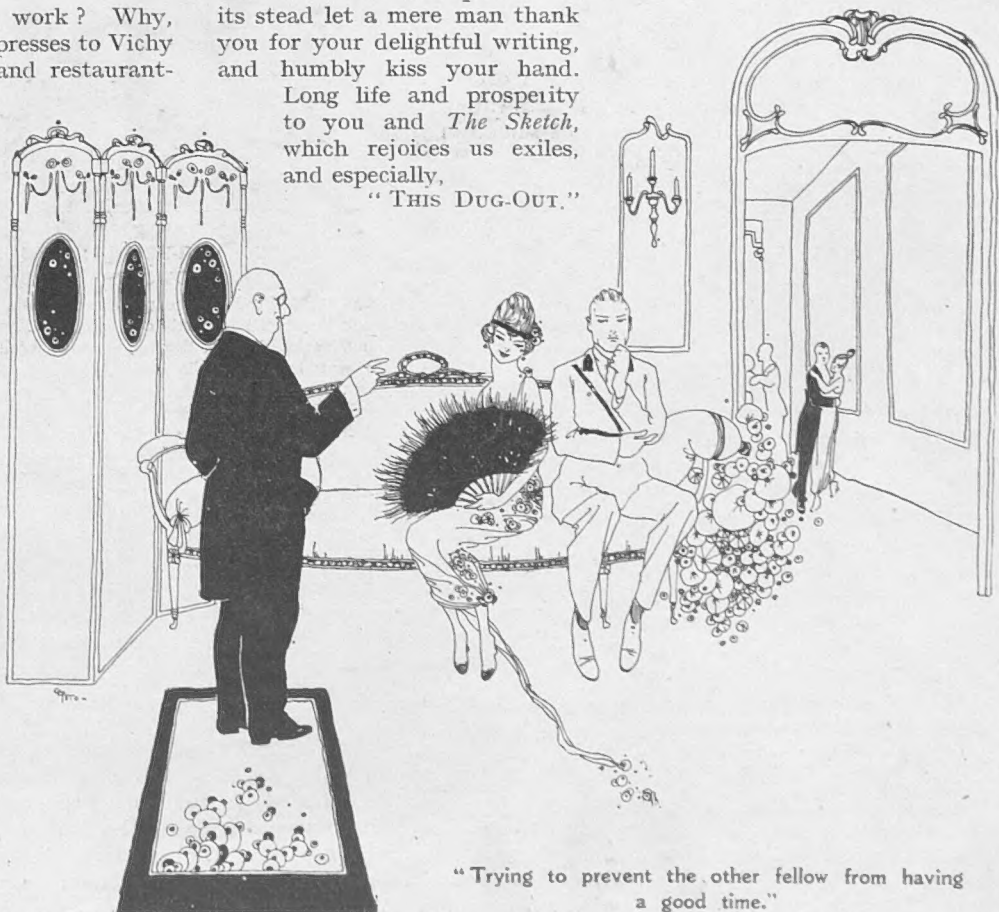
"THIS DUG-OUT."



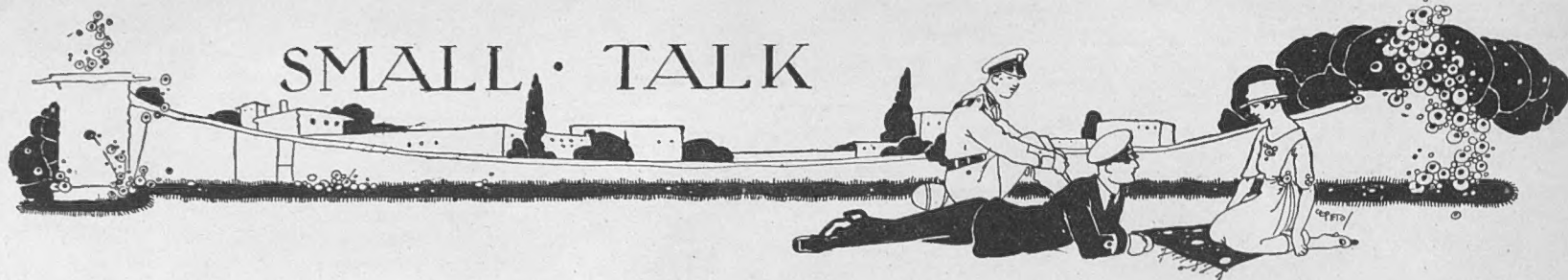
"I wish I could send you just a ray of our sunshine."



"Nothing that my sisters do can surprise me."



"Trying to prevent the other fellow from having a good time."



LORD HALSBURY objects to the female solicitor on the ground that women can never write conciliatory letters, and their employment will lead to more litigation. Personally, I should not have imputed that particular defect to the sex. Women are conciliatory enough—when they want to be. And few of them are deficient in the art of drawing the other party, while giving little away. However, whatever their virtues or defects from the legal point of view, I hardly think we shall see Chancery Lane flooded by feminine practitioners in our time. But it is not generally known that there are already a great number of women employed in law offices, and some of these may discover an ambition to get admitted. And probably many a firm would not object to a woman partner. In certain classes of business her presence might be extremely useful.



TO BE MARRIED IN APRIL
MISS DOROTHY ELLIOTT.

Miss Elliott, daughter of Mrs. Elliott, of Emperor's Gate, S.W., and of Mr. F. J. Elliott, Lancaster Gate, W., is to be married, on April 3, to Captain John Walter Hockney, East Surrey Regiment, son of the late Mr. George Hockney, and Mrs. Hockney, of Wittering, Northamptonshire.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

the *enfants terribles* of the Upper House. Nobody quite knows what he is going to say. Lord Ribblesdale is the beau ideal of the old-fashioned Peer. I saw him the other day coming out of Christie's, and quite forgot all about the war and other unpleasant modern things in the pleasure of looking on his handsome face, under the shadow of an enormous curly-brimmed hat that made one think of the days of gentlemen of fashion and ladies of quality.

Back to Old Fashions.

The war is fast pushing us back to old manners. If London is to close down at ten-thirty, the whole scheme of life will have to be altered. Early theatres imply early dinners; early dinners compel luncheon betimes, if one is to avoid indigestion. It really looks as if we should end somewhere about the day of Queen Anne, when late dinner was about three in the most fashionable circles. It may not be generally known that our marriage law is based on the eighteenth-century dinner-hour. Lord Hardwicke's Act made marriages legal only if celebrated before three o'clock in the afternoon, the inference being that no man was responsible for his acts after he had dined.



ENGAGED: MISS ROSALIE
SIBYL FLOWER

Miss Rosalie Flower, whose engagement to Captain W. L. A. Harrison, M.C., R.A.M.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Granville Gardens, W., is announced, is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. S. Flower, of Giza, Egypt, and Tring, Herts.

Photograph by Lafayette.

An Original Peer.

Lord Ribblesdale, who called attention last week in the House of Lords to the multiplication of Government departments, is one of



A GENEROUS WAR-HELPER: MISS MAUD
WOODWORTH.

Miss Maud Woodworth, daughter of the late Colonel Frank Woodworth, formerly of the U.S.A. Army, and a millionaire, lives at Grove Lodge, Bracknell, which she rents from Sir Colin and Lady Keppel. She has been associated with the Duchesse de Vendôme in Belgian Refugee work, and now she is a generous helper of the Red Cross and Eagle Hut arrangements, and various other war efforts.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Speakers asked to say a "few words" have not seldom an uncomfortably generous habit of giving their audience full measure, pressed down and running over. An exception to the general rule is Dr. Page, the American Ambassador. What he says is worth listening to and very much

to the point, and his oratory is refreshingly free from those literary "flowers" with which so many of those called on to perform opening ceremonies think it necessary to decorate their speeches. His remarks at the opening of the new American hospital in Mr. and Mrs. Chester Beatty's lovely house in Kensington Palace Gardens last week were an instance of his genius for compressing big things into a single sentence. "Until this hospital be filled with American wounded its services will be given to English and Colonial wounded; but it's all one, ladies and gentlemen," was his tabloid formula for enlightening his audience as to the complete identity of interest that exists between Great Britain and her American Allies.

It was refreshing to hear the proper pronunciation of Italian names made by Miss Stella Rho at the performance at the Comedy of Rovetti's famous "Romanticismo." The young actress, with her fine and interesting face, bears, indeed, in private life an Italian name of her own, and is god-daughter to the Queen of Italy. Her mother, the wife of the Marquis Vitelleschi, was a daughter of the first Lord Lamington. Perhaps that was why there were quite an unusual number of grey-beards in the stalls of the Comedy even in this day of grey-beards. "I knew her grandfather," was a phrase rather frequently to be heard; and it was rather touching to think of the author of "The Days of the Dandies" in the days when dandies are no more.

Tales of a Grandfather. You would never suspect, from looking at the outside, the interior magnificence of Colonel Claude Lowther's house in Catherine Street, the quiet little backwater close to Buckingham Gate that numbers more than one "well known" amongst its residents. The owner's leanings towards the aesthetic have found expression in, amongst other things, a Renaissance bedroom, in which a wondrous golden grille does duty, so far as in it lies, as a be-screen. Besides his London house, Colonel Lowther is the owner of Hurstmonceux Castle, in Sussex, the ruins of the old structure being probably the most picturesque bit of red brickwork in England. Since the war its owner has concentrated his attention on other things than Italian art and allied subjects. He has raised four battalions of Sussex men, and is a keen advocate of air reprisals—not, as he himself said, "out of a spirit of revenge," but in order "to stop the barbarous system pursued by the enemy"; and the suggestion that all women between sixteen and sixty should be mobilised was his idea.

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A Deceptive Exterior.

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ENGAGED: CAPTAIN RAOUL
DE MERINDOL.

Captain de Merindol, Cameronians, is the only son of the Marquis and Marquise de Merindol. His engagement to Miss Geraldine Stephanie Campbell, daughter of the late Mr. S. H. Campbell, of New York, and Lady Hulse, of Brent House, Pont Street, S.W., has been announced.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED: MISS MARJORIE
GRACE BROWNRIGG-JAY.

Miss Brownrigg-Jay, whose engagement to Captain Edward Walker, Dragoon Guards, son of Mrs. Leonard Cobham, Hans Crescent, S.W., has been announced, is the second daughter of Mrs. and the late Major Brownrigg-Jay, of The White Lodge, Burton, Wilts.

Photograph by Lafayette.

DURING THE PAST WEEK—EVENTS IN AND NEAR LONDON.



THE FUNERAL OF SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER: THE CASKET AND MOURNERS LEAVING THE HOUSE AT CHORLEY WOOD.



THE FUNERAL OF SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER: SIR ARTHUR PINERO (HOLDING A WREATH) AT THE CEMETERY.



FUNERAL OF SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (RIGHT) AND MISS ELLEN TERRY (NEXT), AT THE GRAVE.



PREPARING FOR "THE WOMEN'S DAY" COLLECTION FOR WOMEN WAR-WORKERS: AT SLOANE SQUARE HEADQUARTERS.



AT THE ECCENTRIC CLUB DINNER: HANDING OVER THE £3010 CHEQUE FROM THE MINE-SWEEPERS' MATINEE AT THE EMPIRE.



AT THE OPENING OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL: DR. PAGE, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY.

The funeral of Sir George Alexander took place on March 20, at Christ Church, Chorley Wood, the Bishop of London officiating. The coffin was borne to the church by members of the St. James's Theatre working staff.—The "Women's Day" Blue Cross Appeal was made to provide Y.W.C.A. huts and rest-rooms for W.A.A.C.s and other women war-workers in England and France. On the left is seen Lady Gainsford (the Chairman);

on the right, Lady Selby Bigge (Provincial Chairman).—The £3010 cheque was handed to Admiral Sir A. Heath (present as Admiralty representative) for distribution among Mine-Sweepers' Societies round the coast.—The American Red Cross Hospital, opened on March 20 at 24, Kensington Palace Gardens—the fifth opened in London—was presented by Mr. and Mrs. A. Chester Beatty, of New York.

Photographs by S. and G., Topical, and Farrington Photo. Company.



A "V.A.D." WORKER: MISS MARY BETHUNE.

Miss Mary Cecilia Bethune is the daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward C. Bethune, Director-General of the Territorial Force at the War Office. She is doing V.A.D. work at the Chelsea Hospital, prior to resuming her duties at Lady Denbigh's Hospital, when it reopens.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

The other night it was seen that the Duchess of Westminster, who sings so well herself, was still able to show a diamond plaque and a "rope" of pearls; Lady Leslie, who is back from Ireland, a "rope" of diamonds; Lady Curzon of Kedleston, a diamond bandeau, and so on, through constellations of glittering colour.

A Real Baby-Book.

Lady Clementine Waring, in the pauses of her work at her own Convalescent Home for Officers, is compiling an anthology of Happy Motherhood. There will be prose as well as verse, a little French along with the English; and with these ingredients from the literature of the subject already in scattered print will be some original contributions made by eminent living hands for a lady everybody delights to oblige. At Lennel, Coldstream, is the Private Hospital for wounded

AN entertainment that has not a charity for its cloak—and charity covers quite a multitude of entertaining sins—is so rare nowadays that one goes to Covent Garden and hears one's familiar "Seraglio" with quite a thrill of novelty. It is a new feature in the brilliant Beecham Career—which is not that of Meredith's hero—to find the matinée as popular as the evening performance, and likely enough to be more so. And the habituées of the stalls and boxes, who have vied with each other at the game of throwing their precious stones into babies' cradles, are not left quite undecorated.



A HELPER OF THE Y.W.C.A. FLAG DAY: LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

Lady Worthington-Evans is the wife of Sir Laing Worthington-Evans, M.P. for Colchester, and assisted the Countess of Selborne and the Countess of Arran, in the Knightsbridge district, on the London Flag Day for the Y.W.C.A., on March 22.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

Officers she has carried on while her husband, Major Waring, M.P., has been at the Front. Lady Clementine's attempt to revive in young mothers of the educated class the ancient joy felt when a man-child was born into the world comes with special appropriateness from one who has devoted untiring labour to the healing of the man-child, once he is here, and grown-up, and gassed, and wounded, and shell-shocked. The book itself will be born during the current year; and any profits resulting from its sale will go to Lady Henry Somerset's Baby's Haven.

A Biter Bit. The Duchess of Portland, with her true sportswoman instinct, wishes every man to have the run of his teeth. And the important

preliminary is to have the teeth that are to have their run. At Welbeck the school-children have for years past had the advantage of a special mission to their mouths; and some of these, now soldiers at the Front, have written to the Duchess to tell her how lucky they find themselves when the toothache fiend makes himself horribly at home in the trenches.

She is now busy about the Ivory Cross work of giving dental aid to soldiers and mothers and children and men of the mercantile marine. Ivory Cross Day and Primrose Day are to jostle each other in April this year—rather a happy conjunction when one remembers Disraeli's devotion to Lord George Bentinck. Disraeli, one thinks, might have done something big for dentistry by giving honours to its professors. They are the workers in gold and ivory—the Benvenuto Cellinis of to-day; and they should rank as artists and benefactors both, when Prime Ministers make out their Honours' List. "It seems a little odd," said a smart woman the other day after hearing the Duchess on dentistry, "that we don't ask to dinner the men by whose art we dine." The reply came: "But I should be terrified to hear him say he hoped the new plate was a perfect fit." But why should a dentist so misbehave? The doctor, the lawyer, the priest supply all the precedents of a proper reserve.

Dogs of War.

Even the dog is to turn his coat—to a good war-purpose. His hair is not yet to be con-



PEER'S DAUGHTER AND OFFICER'S WIFE: THE HON. MRS. JOHN MACKERREL-BROWN.

The Hon. Mrs. John McK. Mackerrel-Brown, wife of Captain John McK. Mackerrel-Brown, of the Seaforth Highlanders, was, before her marriage, in 1916, the Hon. Dorothy Fitzroy, daughter of the fourth Baron Southampton.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



A HELPER OF THE Y.W.C.A. FLAG DAY: MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.

Mrs. Patrick de Bathe, who helped the Y.W.C.A. Flag Day, on March 22, is the wife of Mr. Patrick Wynne de Bathe, brother and heir-presumptive to Sir Hugo de Bathe, fifth Baronet, who married Mrs. Langtry in 1899.

Photograph by Yevonde.



A HELPER OF THE Y.W.C.A. FLAG DAY: THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH.

The Countess of Carnwath, who helped the Flag Day of the Y.W.C.A., on March 22, is the wife of Lieutenant the Earl of Carnwath. Before her marriage, Lady Carnwath was Miss Maude Maitland Savile, daughter of Mr. John Eden Savile, of St. Martin's, Stamford—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

scripted; but in the case of certain suitable breeds, his hairs are to be collected and woven into soft and silky yarn at the Red Cross Workrooms. Lady Gosford had the happy idea; and Lady Bland-Sutton, Lady Leslie, and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, dog-lovers all, are among her helpers. Wool is the need; and another novel source of supply is to be found in the hedges and bushes where tufts of wool show that sheep have passed that way. This is a comb-out that nobody will resent; and Lady Amherst has begun to organise boy and girl wool-gatherers—despite the little prejudice, someone reminds her, that exists at lesson-time against "wool-gathering." War lends words new significance.

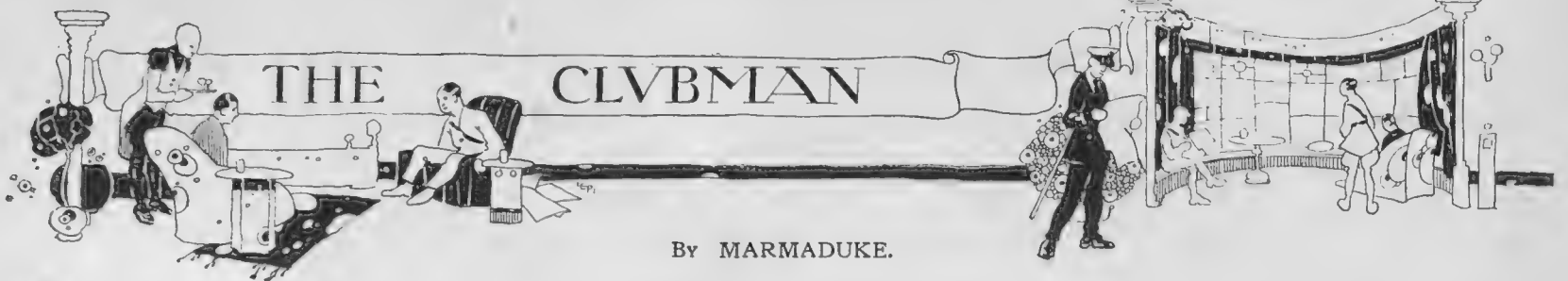
PEER'S DAUGHTER AND POETESS: A NEW PORTRAIT.



A CULTURED WRITER WHOSE WORK IS WIDELY KNOWN AND ADMIRER: LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Lady Margaret Sackville is the centre of a literary circle which has not been without its influence upon the work of contemporary writers of the younger generation. An earl's daughter—she is aunt of the present Earl de la Warr, and daughter of the seventh holder of the title—she is liberal in her views and sympathetic in her expression of

them, and many of her poems are rich in grace and charm. Poets of to-day, men and women of ideas, have owed not a little to her encouragement, and in the pages of a periodical in which she is much interested she has written a good deal of graceful verse since her first published work appeared, in 1901.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



BY MARMADUKE.

MANY women are not religious-minded, but ecclesiastical-minded.

When man is young he imagines woman has wings; when he is old he wishes she had!

Man must have some of the worst qualities of man to excite in woman some of the best qualities of woman.

The increasing scarcity of metal in the country promises to be a blessing in disguise, affording the long-wished-for opportunity to "scrap" many of the statues disfiguring London. The Westminster City Council having set the example of offering the Government six hundred curbstops obstructing the pavements in the district, a petition is to be immediately presented to Parliament urging the removal of the more inartistic monuments, and the employment of the metal for war purposes. It has been said that "Art is long"; in this country Art is long-suffering!

To avoid controversy, it is necessary not to mention particular statues that would be more serviceable re-cast into shells for the destruction of the enemy. It may, however, be opportune to refer to the statue of Oliver Cromwell, standing in the moat outside Westminster Hall, critics, having repeatedly pointed out that it represents the Protector—the finest Light Cavalry officer England ever possessed—as wearing the spurs upside-down; the left, besides, upon the right foot, and the right upon the left; and pronounced them to be of a pattern not worn at the period!

When ridiculing the statues of the Kings in Westminster Hall, in 1868, the celebrated Lord Malmesbury assured the House of Lords that "they had been tried in so many places he did not know where else they could further be put—but the dust-heap!" It took over forty years of continual appeals and criticism in both Houses and the Press to obtain the removal of the "caricatures"—to, it is understood, the Guildhall. In 1906, Lord Harcourt—then First Commissioner of Works—"scrapped" the iron railings skirting the road from Hyde Park Gate to the Marble Arch. A distant predecessor at the Office of Works, it has always been said, is responsible for having filled the Park with the mass of palings, posts, and hurdles that still disfigures one of the finest open spaces in any capital in Europe. The waste metal, re-moulded, might be even more distressing to the Germans at the front than it is to the English at home.

A distinguished medical specialist has addressed the following letter to the writer—

"Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

"SIR,—A matter causing grave anxiety should have general attention directed to it without delay. Recent statistics suggest that fully four-fifths of the civilians remaining in the country are invalids! The conclusion is based upon Official Reports with regard to (a) Appeals for exemption from Service in consequence of ill-health; (b) Appeals for increased rations of meat, milk, or sugar, supported by medical certificates; (c) Applications for 'sick-leave' from men and women in Government employment; (d) Excuses of illness with respect to absence from work; (e) Explanations of 'nervous breakdown' to account for bigamy, infidelity, theft, drunkenness, crime, and even 'food-hoarding'! It is scarcely necessary to insist that should—within the past twelvemonth—

fifteen million appeals and excuses of the kind be actually upon record, the health of the community at home must be seriously affected. There is but one alternative, which would be discreditable!"

Relating to "food-hoarding," it is generally now attributed to greed—a super-appetite arises frequently, however, from disease. There was, for instance, an eminent and most pious Archbishop to whom it was apparently necessary to eat a heavy meal every four hours. The first breakfast served to his Eminence was at one in the morning; sleeping further until four, he rose again and ate the second, having a third at eight a.m. Dining at twelve noon—that meal being early at the time—he had another at four, finally supping at eight at night! In other respects his conduct was singularly edifying. After death, it was discovered that disease, not the desire for good living, caused the abnormal craving for food.

The latest occupation for the "Titled Poor" appears to be "caretaking." Many houses, both in town and country, being closed, and mostly through inability to obtain servants, the "Titled Poor" have come to the rescue in the emergency. Being prepared to maintain houses of the sort in proper order in return for permission to lodge in them rent free, and undertaking to deliver them in the same condition as when entrusted to their care, and at the shortest notice, impoverished but titled people, together with their families, have replaced the ordinary charwoman in this respect. A small "wage" is occasionally required—seldom more than two pounds a week, which does not exceed the amount paid for the services of a regular caretaker.

In the Introductions to "British Artists at the Front: No. 1.—C. R. W. Nevinsion," it is aptly said of the artist that he "has not foresworn the practice of Cubism and Futurism, but he has adapted these methods successfully to the treatment of subjects which interest the average man." Of a truth, there is no "average man" who can fail to be interested in Mr. Nevinsion's war pictures—some of which, by the way, are to be seen just now at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Campbell Dodgson and Captain C. E. Montague are shrewdly appreciative and luminously descriptive of Mr. Nevinsion's art as seen in Part I. of "British



WIFE OF ANOTHER EXHIBITOR AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: MRS. WALTER BAYES.

Along with Mr. Nevinsion's work, the Leicester Galleries are also holding an exhibition of paintings by Mr. Walter Bayes.

Artists at the Front," which is now on sale and gives truly remarkable examples of Mr. Nevinsion's boldly realistic renderings of his impressions of life and scenes at the front. Printed in colour, the drawings are absolutely convincing in their suggestion of the phases of aerial war and other aspects of it which make this world conflict unprecedented, and the work will prove of immediate interest and ultimate value as a portfolio of faithful chronicles of the most wonderful war that the world has known. The work is one all should possess.

DA-DA-D-N!



THE INQUIRING OWL: Can the little dear talk?

MISS PARROT: Oh, no, Sir! Why, she can hardly swear yet.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

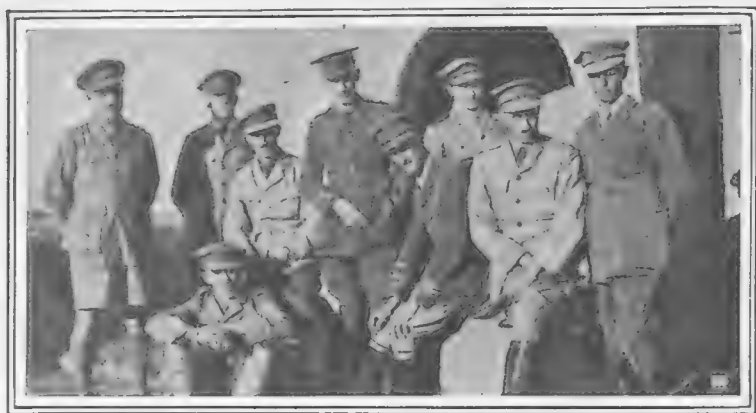


THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



BE good, says the proverb, and you will be happy. But you won't be interesting. Satan is the most attractive character in "Paradise Lost." You may turn the other cheek as often as you like, and the Press won't think it worth reporting; but as soon as you start to give the other man what he asks for a crowd will gather round, there will be a dramatic sequel in the police-court, the papers will be full of it all, and your portrait will help to beautify the illustrated dailies. It is true that Peabody the philanthropist is in "The Dictionary of National Biography," but so is Palmer the poisoner; and I should like to associate myself with H. B.



AT THE OFFICERS' MESS—A MUD STRUCTURE: OFFICERS OF THE R.A.M.C. WITH THE MESOPOTAMIA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

From Left to Right are seen: Capt. K. A. M. Tomory, the Rev. P. N. Hunter, C.F., Capt. O. H. Mavarr, Capt. J. M. Watt, Lieut. G. H. Mead, the Rev. A. Lightbound, C.F., Lieut.-Col. E. T. Burke, D.S.O., Lieut. J. Campbell, and Lieut. P. G. Boyes.

Irving's protest against the omission from that work of Charles Peace, "perhaps the greatest and most naturally gifted criminal England has produced." His story is not elevating, and there are others in "A Book of Remarkable Criminals" that, from a moral point of view, are much worse; but the strange fascination of them is undeniable. Mr. Irving unfolds the careers of divers English, Australasian, American and French scoundrels, and analyses their peculiarities as enthusiastically as an entomologist studies beetles under a microscope. Incidentally, the glimpse he gives of Calcraft, and his masterly little sketch of Marwood—that strictly religious executioner who "always knelt down and asked God's blessing on the work he had to do"—make me wish he would write us the Lives of the Hangmen.

I ought to be ashamed of my taste, of course, but I haven't got it all to myself. That's why no novelist who wishes to be popular chooses a blameless man for his hero—or, if he does, he takes care to put an unmitigated villain into the book as well, so as to make it saleable. "Robert Shenstone" is an excellent Dickensian, William de Morganish novel dealing cleverly with life in London and elsewhere in the 'seventies, and its hero is better than most heroes—at one point in his narrative he plays the very Joseph; but there is a villain and villainy enough in the background; and when Robert wrote a play it was crammed with crimes, and proved a roaring success. "Our play," his collaborator, Mr. Farthing, had said, "must deal with crime. There are two real motives in the drama—love and crime." He called attention to "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," and insisted that if Shakespeare had begun with "The Tempest" he would never have got a hearing: "He knew very well he wouldn't. He looked round for a good old-fashioned bloodthirsty plot, because he knew that was the one kind of story men never tired of. We all like to read about murders, though we are ashamed to own it."

That is simple truth, and Bernard Capes did wisely in introducing a spice of crime and an ample allowance of original sin into "Where England Sets Her Feet," a glamorous romance of the days of Elizabeth; yet better even than its mystery and gallant adventure is, I think, the wholly charming love idyll of those two irresistible social outcasts, Brion Middleton and little Joan Medley.

Frank Morgan, in his "Unposted Letters," is witty, satirical,

amusing, but he restricts himself too much to the seamy side of human character, and, as he admits in a closing letter to himself, has left out a lot of nicer things that he might have said about us. His views on marriage, for instance, or the views of his imaginary letter-writers, are distinctly discouraging. A father writing to a son about to marry urges him to cherish no illusions; he will not find his wife an ideal woman: "every woman, even the most adorable, has the 'plant' of a cruel and spiteful tongue, the silent mill that only requires a little breeze to set it working." Another father advises a daughter who is taking a husband not to bring up her children with any lofty ideals which would make them outcasts in modern life, and warns her that "the very irrevocableness of the marriage vow is witness to the fickleness of humanity." A middle-aged man giving hints to a father on the bringing-up of his son tells him that men will put up with a hypocrite, a flatterer, or a thief; "but if you are really truthful the world will soon find out, and it will hate you." A mother adjures her marrying son: "Don't have any ideals, George. Women don't understand ideals." A seventeen-year-old daughter reproves her parents, and says, "I despise proprieties. . . . Call me forward, abandoned, immoral, wicked, if you like. I prefer my wickedness, which is at least honest wickedness, to all your sham virtues." If that letter had been posted, her parents ought to have fetched her home at once and spanked her.

But "The New Book of Martyrs," though it is all about sinners, will help to restore your faith in the human man. Its frank realism almost takes your breath away at times, but it is just this naked simplicity, this unreserved truthfulness, that makes the men in these stories so vividly alive and so more than likeable. They are stories by a French surgeon of the wounded and broken remnants of men that came under his care in the field hospitals, and I have read none of this war more terrible or more beautiful—none that have added so much to my admiration of France and the French fighting man.

It is pleasant to come upon Mr. Asquith, far away from the sinful world of politics, discoursing on culture, universities, literature, criticism, the Bar, Omar Khayyam, and other things that really matter. His "Occasional Addresses" are always suggestive, illuminating, and rich in the ripest common-sense. He evidently believes that if the critics spare the rod they will spoil the author. "Flagellation in the sphere of criticism," he says, "is often not only a salutary discipline, but a duty of imperative obligation; and no one but a puling sentimentalist will deny that in the armoury of a



ON SERVICE IN EGYPT FOR OVER TWO YEARS: OFFICERS OF A BATTALION OF ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

well-equipped critic room must be found for the bastinado, and even for the knout." He laid that down for literary criticism only, and long before his own recent experiences; but from the way in which he has taken his gruelling, I believe he would subscribe to the same as a law for political criticism also.

BOOKS TO READ.

A Book of Remarkable Criminals. By H. B. Irving. (Cassell.)
Robert Shenstone. By W. J. Dawson. (John Lane.)
Where England Sets Her Feet. By Bernard Capes. (Collins.)
Unposted Letters. By Frank Morgan. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
The New Book of Martyrs. By George Duhamel. (Heinemann.)
Occasional Addresses. By the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. (Macmillan.)
The Tideway. Short Stories. By John Ayscough. (John Long.)
Jamesie. By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

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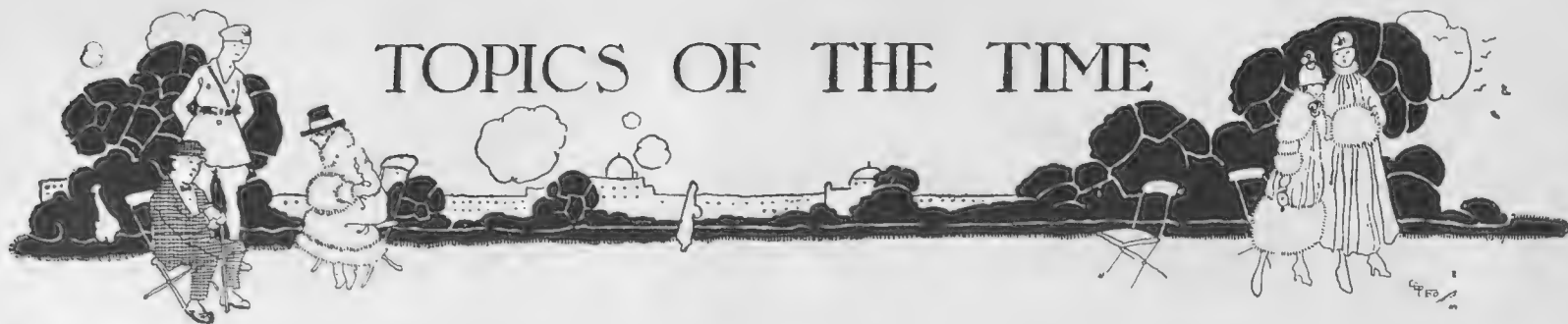
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TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I are wondering why on earth, when they had the chance, the "Cannibals" didn't do the thing properly! I refer, I need hardly say, to the lunch given by members of the Cannibal Club to three pacifist M.P.s—Trevelyan, Ponsonby, and Macdonald. It is a limp tribute to cannibalism that these gentlemen should have been seen since the luncheon out and about and in the full possession of their limbs, and I'm afraid it has to be recorded that their words only were devoured.

O Cannibals, I fear that lunch did aught but satisfy! You seem to be the tamest bunch of anthropophagi! If shy to be in ear-rings clad, and too well bred to "whoop," you might, I think, at least have had Macdonald in the soup!

I am very jealous of the people of West Meath. They have just had the instruments of the band of their local branch of the United Irish League stolen! Ireland seems to be having all the luck!

If instruments of local bands are what (as they appear to be) some thieves prefer to lay their hands upon, then let them list to me! For I reside, when I'm away, beside a local band in Kent, whose instruments, I grieve to say, are not harmoniously blent.

The cornet takes a note that's far above the 'cello's grunting hum (indeed, in this respect, they are particularly troublesome). And when the trombones are in "D," the horn conspires to make me deaf in what appears to be a key composed of bits of "G" and "F"!

So, if the thieves of Meath who stole those instruments of torture care for more, I'll promise on my soul I'll not inform in the affair—that is, if when they do their "biz" they'll not forget to take the drum! (That, also, I may mention, is particularly troublesome!)

The streets of London may be made more beautiful, or less hideous, after all; and if the transformation comes off, our compliments and thanks will be due to the Westminster City Council. This body



TO MAKE UP FOR ONE WAY IN WHICH THE DEFECTION OF RUSSIA HAS AFFECTED THE WAR RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN: SPRING PLOUGHING FOR FLAX-GROWING, IN ORDER TO SUPPLY MATERIAL FOR AEROPLANE WINGS.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

has offered to sell to the Ministry of Munitions—what's the matter with giving?—from 150 to 200 tons of cast-iron guard-posts, formerly the property of Westminster's pavements; and I detect in this offer an extension of opportunity which certainly ought not to be ignored by the powers that write letters to the papers about the inartistic lines of our street refuges and our street monuments. I, for one, mean to make use of the opportunity this very instant.

I am waiting for the coming of a modern Hercules, who will stride with me about the streets of London, and give active contradiction to the idiotic wheeze that the things that have been done cannot be undone. I would whet his war-like appetite for putting London straight, and restoring it to picturesque conditions, by informing him of monuments that might be adding weight to the tonnage of our countrymen's munitions.



AT HOLBEACH CROWN COLONY FOR TRAINING DISCHARGED WOUNDED TO EARN A LIVING ON THE LAND: A ONE-ARMED EX-SOLDIER GUIDING A PLOUGH.

Holbeach Crown Colony, Lincolnshire, was the first started of several similar colonies for training wounded and discharged soldiers in agricultural and farm work. After training, proficient are granted a cottage each, with ten acres. Holbeach Colony covers 1000 acres, and has a large number of men in training.

Photograph by Alfieri.

First of all, I think, I'd lead him to the east-most of the Strand, and I'd whisper: "There's a lovely one to biff in!" And I'd watch with keen enjoyment the upraising of his hand, and the subsequent destruction of the Griffin! Then I'd take him through the Temple—oh, so sad to look upon, more especially the Thames side of the Inner!—and I'd see that he revenged me for the pain I've undergone since the advent of the modern building sinner!

After that we'd go together to that desolate affair which is always being mentioned in the papers—I refer to that most hideous of spots, Trafalgar Square, which in summer-time is full of alien gapers. I would bid him then to give his mighty strength the fullest vent in removing what I hate to rest the eye on; and he'd spare the Nelson Column for the sake of sentiment—but he wouldn't leave a fountain or a lion!

There is a certain meat-card in London which holds and hides a mystery. It belongs to the bulky actor who, specially engaged for a fat part in a coming comedy, has given an undertaking to his employer that, if he falls away from his present dimensions between now and the date of the production of the piece, he will forfeit a sovereign for each pound of flesh he lacks! But Gilbert wrote, in reference to his "Discontented Sugar Broker"—

Some people think that, should it come,
They can reduce a bulging tum
To measures fair
By taking air
And exercise in plenty.

and the Bab Balladist went on to show that this was all a delusion, and that "his size increased beyond a doubt" for all his dancing "from his abode in Fulham Road, through Brompton, to the City." Perhaps the actor in question keeps fat by taking air and exercise in plenty. In that case there is no mystery about his meat-card—and no risk in his undertaking.

A. B. M.

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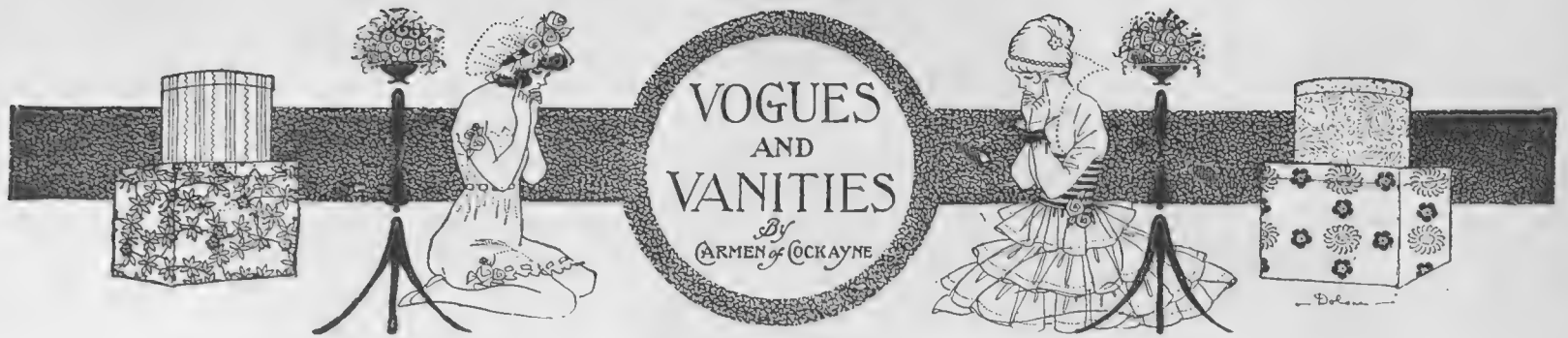


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The Depth of Beauty.

Beauty in dress, like the other kind of which poets write, is skin-deep. The business of merely keeping up appearances is something which simply doesn't enter into any part of fashion's programme. With the mode and the dressmaker agreeing that display is better than discretion, what could the artist in underclothes do but take precautions against the loss of his good reputation? In an age when women blushed to own the existence of the limbs that Nature gave them it was natural that underclothing should be regarded as a secondary matter, though exactly why an indifference to dainty lingerie should have been looked upon as a sign of virtue and quite unimpeachable respectability is one of the things that the modern woman, who demands daintiness in everything that she wears, is still trying to understand.

Pledged to Duty.

If beauty is a duty, it is safe to predict that, so far as clothes are concerned, women this spring will do theirs nobly. In fairness to the sex, it should be added that they have shown no signs of wavering in this respect. Frocks may be—and are—practical, out of deference to the nature of the times. Lingerie, on the other hand, frankly aims at taking a woman's thoughts off the war. Most women freely admit that there is nothing like a mass of yellow, or pale-blue, or pink georgette, or

chiffon, or ninon, for distracting an over-war-worked brain prone to dwell unduly on the drab realities of to-day. Peace does not seem quite so far away when you regard the future from the depths of a garment in which tulle and net and ribbon and lace play the most important parts, and a beautiful "nightie" has charms to soothe the troubled mind, besides fulfilling its mission of providing a woman with something becoming in which to take her rest.

Where to Lock. Just how becoming one learns by visiting the lingerie salons at Harrod's, in Brompton Road, where an immense collection of beautiful things proves that our French Allies have time to keep up their reputation as makers of beautiful feminine clothes, as well as to cause the Boche to regret the hour when he disturbed the peace of Europe and the world. If a combination of pink crêpe-de-Chine with fine hand embroidery and real Valenciennes lace fails to catch your fancy, a becoming alternative is provided in the shape of pale lemon-tinted ninon, closely pleated on to an Empire yoke, in which "hoop" bands of pale-blue chiffon help to introduce the necessary variety. Failing pink or yellow, there remains light-blue silk crêpe, a new material that requires no outside decoration except that supplied by rows of hemstitching and some self-coloured embroidery. That it has the virtue of being more or less impervious to the attentions of the war-time laundress merely adds to its attractiveness.

New Ventures.

But the nightdress, after all, is merely one item in the list of women's clothes that are made to waste their sweetness in the surroundings of the bedroom, or boudoir. If appearances indicate anything, the people who make undergarments have devoted a good deal of time and thought to breaking new ground in every direction. The latest kind of lingerie is designed

to stimulate as well as clothe its wearer. Could anyone be anything but cheerful in knickers of terra-cotta coloured chiffon, accompanied by a cache-corset to match, more especially if those same knickers had modish pleated panels at either side, flanked by slots threaded through with rather wide ribbon? It being war-time, the cache-corset makes very modest demands on our material resources—it is a way cache-corsets have nowadays—but what there is of it is enormously attractive, especially the turn-over, embroidered, collar-like arrangement that appears on the front. And that is but one example of the infinite resource of the people who work hard in order that women may fulfil their mission of looking beautiful.



You must not mistake her for a medieval lady; she is really a modern woman in a boudoir cap.

essence of *chic*—though, since fashion caters for every taste, people who prefer something less emphatic can always compromise, if they like, by choosing another petticoat of the same type, in which the black net is replaced by the same medium in a deep-cream shade.

Pyjama Points. You would have thought, wouldn't you, that the pyjama specialist must by this time have exhausted his stock of ideas. Not a bit of it. Bearing in mind the important part played by substitutes, he has given to the world a pyjama suit with a smocked jumper top between which and the orthodox garment of that name the gulf is very narrow—if, indeed, it exists at all. Those who like new developments of old ideas will like an all-in-one boudoir suit whose blushing loveliness is enhanced by frills of pale-blue chiffon.



Fatigue is a pleasure when it means a rest gown like this.

Notions in Nursery Wear.

So far as clothes go, the difference between those of the "grown-ups" and those intended for nursery people is chiefly one of size. Harrod's, who cater for children as well as for their elders, recognise the importance of teaching youth the value of pretty things. Children, like their mothers, are to go gaily clad this spring. Jolly little coats, riotous hats, coloured sports coats, even diminutive pyjamas, have succumbed to the influence of the colour fairy, who has done her best, with some success, to banish anything that savours of dullness from the nursery wardrobe, and to give it a particular cachet of elegant simplicity.



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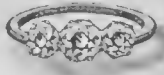
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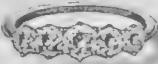
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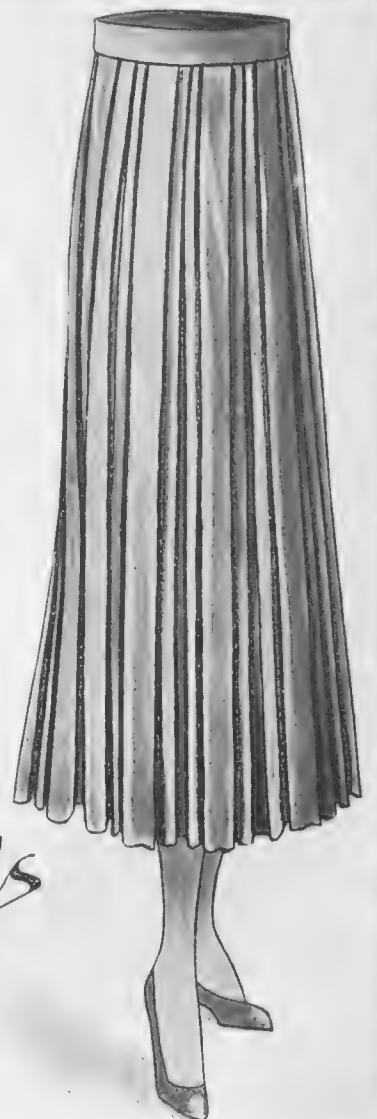
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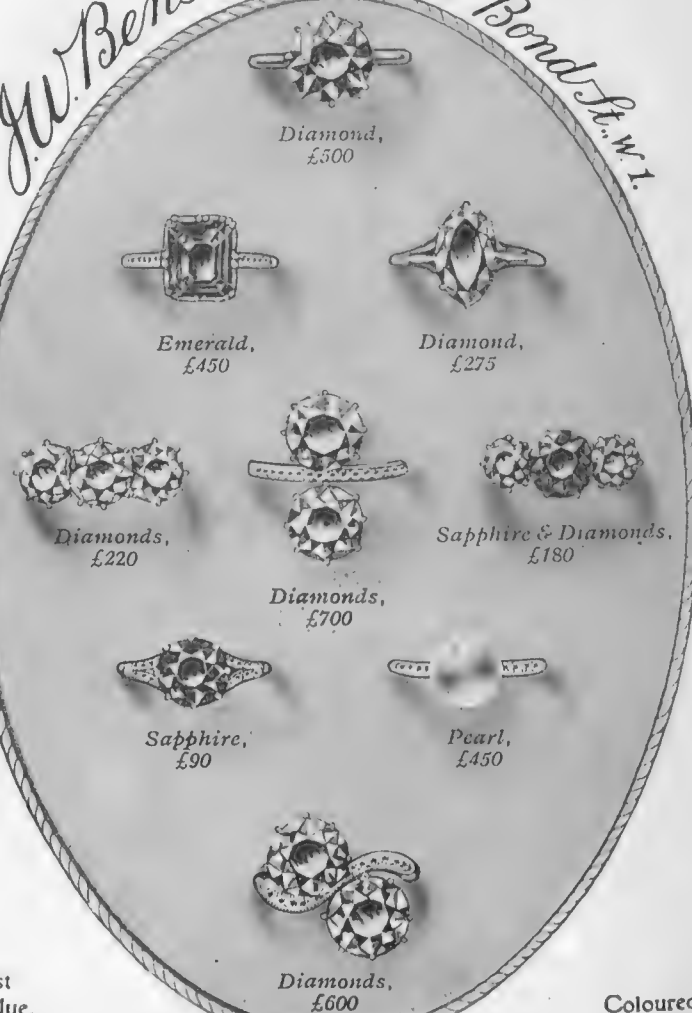
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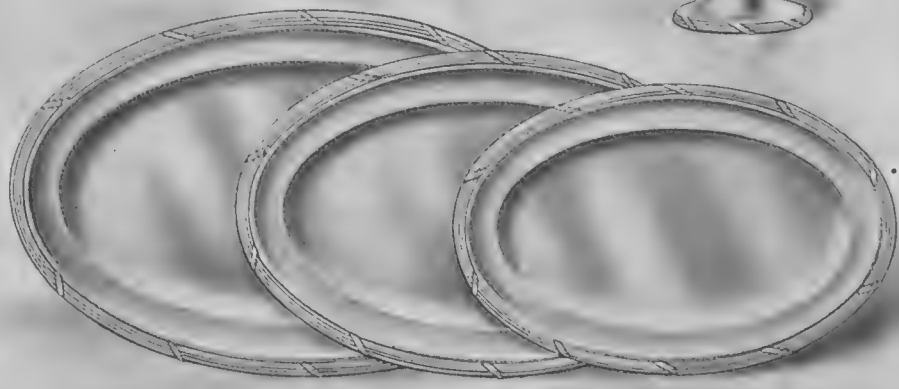
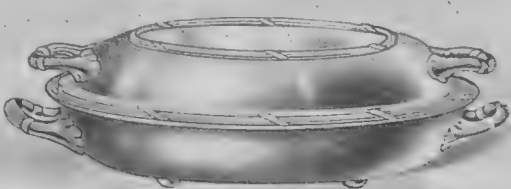
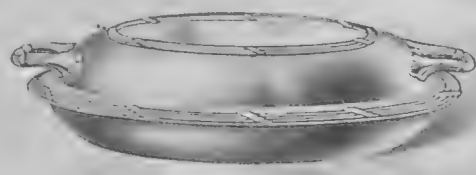
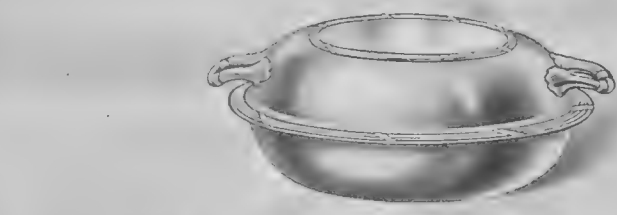
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The Street Patrol.

The lady in question is metaphorically doing her bit. One of my street-patrolling sisters describes hers as resisting big temptations and falling into small sins! She worships at a forty-guinea coat, a marvel of Paisley beauty and ostrich-feather cape and lovely brocade lining, and then buys a seven-and-a-half guinea garment of scarcely less excellent style but cheaper fabric. Her conscience, she says, tries hard to make up the gap in her appearance. Conscience is not always so accommodating. I met an unhappy-looking acquaintance wearing a new but by no means becoming hat. "My head has been shouting at me for a new covering," said she. "I simply would not pay the price for the ones I wanted, and now my head and this purchase are at sixes and sevens." They were—there was no denying it!

In Candid Mood. "As straight up and down as possible" is one of Fashion's latest decrees. The Dame is indeed in candid mood. There are those who call them "chemise dresses"—that is, of course, rather shocking to such remnants of Victorianism as have survived the Edwardian period. "Tabard frocks" expresses them more elegantly. At Harvey Nichols' celebrated Knightsbridge establishment are some lovely models of this and other styles. Their newest fabric, too, has scored an immediate success. It is cotton jersey, which looks like and hangs as charmingly as silk jersey, and is yet more suitable for country wear. This material, combined with embroideries in unusual colours and designs, makes simple dresses of the utmost fascination. The Harvey Nichols Model Gown Salon is attracting the connoisseuse in dress, who finds in them the most satisfactory presentations of the latest modes.

Well-Intentioned Jewels and Jewel-Givers.

There were self-sacrificing ladies at the private view of the Children's Jewels last week at 75, Bond Street. Some of them saw their brightest and their best out to make money for improving the prospects of the wee citizens and citizenesses of the present and future. As a Countess gazed upon her tiara, did she calculate how many babies it would save to the Empire, or how many weakling youngsters it would send out whole and strong? If so, she must have felt good inside! The jewels themselves seemed to sparkle more brightly from the cause to which they were devoted. The tall young Duchess of Marlborough, in a severely tabard-shaped dress of black dull fabric, embroidered in russet silk and in Russian style, and wearing a black panne toque, received the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress; Lady Randolph Churchill, in American Red Cross uniform, wore the ribbons of several decorations on her tunic; Mrs. George Keppel and Lady Sarah Wilson looked round, as did Mrs. J. J. Astor and Lady Henry and Lady Bonham Carter, and lots of other good people—the adjective refers to intentions, not to position!

Light-Hatted. Light-hatted are we to go this spring, and there is no better preventive from being light-headed. Looking at some of the newest headgear at Marshall and Snelgrove's, I was at once struck by the

wonderful lightness of the most becoming hats. There was one high crowned, narrow-brimmed *chapeau* of black silk net on wire. The trimming was a wreath round the base of the crown of cleverly fashioned spring flowers and autumn berries. There was the filmiest and most becoming veil to go with it, having a fascinating shadow sort of border. There were silk and lace hats, and there was one of pink wool, and all were of feathery lightness. Although narrow brims are in, broad brims are not out, and there are delightful examples of these at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

They Know. This is the housewife's busy time; the epidemic of spring cleaning has set in with great violence. Because it is war time and everyone is very much in earnest, the household gods are having a real benefit. There is a big boom

in Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia and elbow-grease. The men home on leave find homes sweeter than ever, and better worth the fighting for. Scrubb's is the rub, and no mistake; it makes all things clean and bright, including Mr. Atkins himself when he has some in a real hot bath and begins to think of heaven on earth, after what he has had to put up with. Officers and men swear by Scrubb's, and they know.

No Coats to Spare. "Ow, wow, wow—this will never do! We

hate the Huns, and want to do our bit; but to give our lovely, comfortable coats to

Night-blue tulle and silver and jet, not to mention skunk, combine to form a most alluring evening dress, which finishes with a fish-tailed train.

make wool is another matter!" This may be regarded as a protest made at a meeting of long-haired pet dogs on, say, the Isle of Dogs. The protest was occasioned by the announcement that a worker at Burlington House Red Cross workrooms is turning clippings from dog-coats into yarn for cardigans, etc. "All very well in its way," bark the dogs; "summer's coming, and we shall have new coats for winter; but to be regarded like sheep, as wool-producing animals, is setting a precedent very serious for the future of our race." Poodles are accustomed to being clipped, and to being looked upon by other dogs as clowns in consequence. Think of Peks and Japs, Yorkies, Chows, Bridlington, etc., clipped closely; and then the dear and characteristic bulldogs could no longer be regarded as patriots, because they have no coats to spare.

A Brass Hat and His Wife.

"Thought you were talking about milk; no, you cannot condense your hair in a can." Thus a Brass Hat whose wife had been descanting on the virtues of Nestlé, which, he suggested, was most excellent stuff, but when on leave he preferred it not condensed. Enlightened as to this Nestlé being a permanent hair-wave, he became properly appreciative, and allowed that his little Missus really did take the polish off "It"! She had had a sitting quite a long time ago at Nestlé and Co., 48, South Molton Street, and was still undulating most fascinatingly as to coiffure. The warrior of the Staff said he would have his done and become an Adonis, but the lady reminded him that a service crop gave no field for operations of the kind.



We have depicted, above, the never-failing charm of black and white. This chic little walking-dress is made of white velours cloth. The wide belt is of black-and-white check.

Cameron

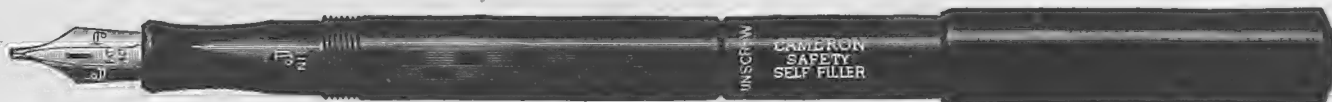
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AIR MASTERY: EXISTING GERMAN MACHINES AND POSSIBLE NEW TYPES. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ALTHOUGH British and French aviators have the upper hand at present, the Allies must keep very wide awake and go on improving their aeroplanes and engines if they are to hold their superiority.

German "Discretion."

Very possibly the Germans are using up all the stocks of 1917 types while the 1918 types are being got ready, and a delay of a few weeks

in deliveries of these new types would easily account for their present inferiority. Even the best of pilots will run away rather than fight if he knows that his machine is markedly inferior to his opponent's, and still more if he knows that there is a very much better mount awaiting him if he can keep alive till it is ready.

New Enemy Machines Coming.

There are, in fact, distinct

signs that the Germans have got very much better aeroplanes and engines coming along, for already some of our pilots have met new types. The best known of these, so far, are the Rumpler and the Hannover—names new to the majority of people, though actually the Rumpler was the first of all German aeroplanes to have any real success.

Taubes.

Practically the first European aeroplane to fly respectably was a curious bird-shaped thing built by Wels and Etrich in Austria, and called, from its shape, the Taube, or Dove. Austria not being a rich country, Etrich went to Germany, and there he fell in with Herr Rumpler, who took up his patents, and produced the Rumpler Taube, long the best of German aeroplanes. Later he and Etrich fell out, and Etrich presented his patents to the German Aircraft Industry, which accounts for the number of Taube-type monoplanes used early in the war.

Rumpler Pre-War Records.

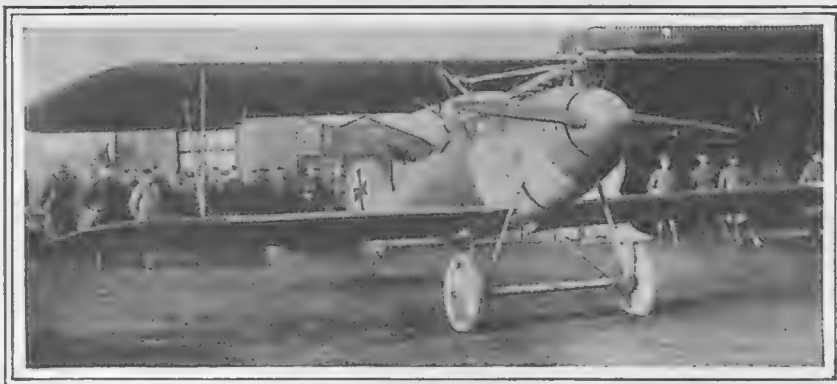
Before the war, Rumpler built some splendid biplanes which

broke record after record. In June 1914, Herr Linnekogel, on a Rumpler Taube monoplane, broke the height record by going up to 21,600 feet—a height only seldom reached even in these days. On the same machine, merely converted into a biplane by taking off the dove-shaped wings and putting on a set of straight biplane wings, Herr Basser remained in the air for 18 hours and 10 minutes without landing. A few weeks later Basser flew the machine from Berlin to Constantinople, via Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia, stopping only at those cities. Which shows that the Germans, and particularly Herr Rumpler, knew a lot about flying before the war.

The Albatros.

Incidentally, shortly after Basser's flight, another German, Herr Rudolf Eöhm, flew an Albatros biplane for 24 hours and 12 minutes without landing—a feat which still remains untouched. These Albatros and Rumpler biplanes were being made in quantities just before the war, but they were all sent to the Russian front, which was Germany's chief danger during the early part of the war. This was extremely lucky for the

British and French, who had nothing to equal them till many months later. All the old Taube-type monoplanes were sent to the West front, and so every German machine became known as a Taube.



ONE TO THE CREDIT OF OUR WESTERN-FRONT ANZAC AIRMEN: A GERMAN AEROPLANE RECENTLY BROUGHT DOWN BY AUSTRALIAN PILOTS.
Official Photograph.

Aviatiks and Gothas.

Then the Aviatik biplane came along, and made a name for itself, so every German aeroplane became an Aviatik, just as to-day every German bombing aeroplane is called a Gotha, regardless of whether it is made by the Gotha Waggonen Fabrik, or by the A.E.G. (Allgemeine Elektricitäts Gesellschaft), or by the Flugzeugbau Friedrichshafen, which is a branch of the Zeppelin airship firm which builds big aeroplanes.

In every essential feature the two types are, in reality, as distinct as can be, the former being the twin-engined two or three seater type, and the latter the four or six-engined type with a crew of at least four men, and, of course, a much bigger load of bombs.

The 1918 Rumpler.

However, to return to the Rumpler, the 1918 type is a singularly neat and well-shaped, though roughly and cheaply built, two-seater biplane, with a Maybach engine, which is a lightened and improved version of the

engines used in the Zeppelins. With this engine the new Rumpler is astonishingly fast, and climbs to an enormous height. So high does it habitually fly that the crew always carry oxygen bottles—so that they can breathe in the rarefied atmosphere.

The "Dumpy" Hannover.

The Hannover, which is made by the Hannover Waggonen Fabrik, is a much smaller machine. It is a two-seater fighter, and is very little bigger than the familiar Albatros single-seater. It has an enormous long nose, with a huge engine in it, and a short, dumpy body, with a biplane tail, which is very unusual in these days. The idea in this tail is apparently that, by putting two small tail-planes one above the other, the tail-area at the end of the machine below which an attacking machine can

hide from the gunner—who sits behind the pilot—is very considerably reduced, and so the machine can put up a better defence when chased.



BACK IN PARIS AFTER ESCAPING FROM CAPTIVITY IN GERMANY: THE RECEPTION AT THE PARIS AERO CLUB, HELD BY FAMOUS FRENCH AIRMEN AND OTHERS, IN HONOUR OF GARROS AND MARCHAL.

In the Front Row, reading from left to right, are: Herteaux, Garros, Dumesnil, Marchal, and Nungesser. In the Back Row are: Garros' father (second from the left), Fonck, and Gilbert (fourth from the left).

Photograph by C.N.



This is a photographic reproduction of a *Ciro Pearl Necklace*, also *Single Pearl Ring*. Price **£1.1.0** each (including case, 2/- extra.)

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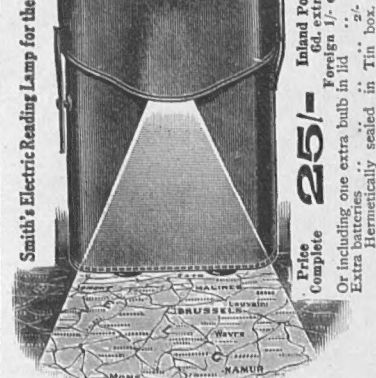
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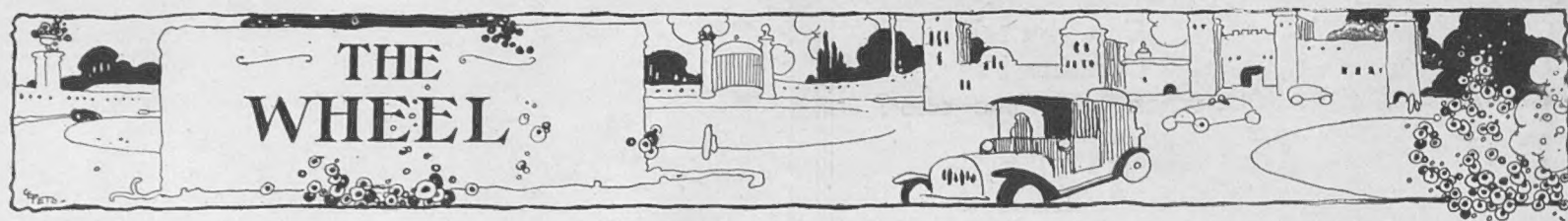
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AFTER-WAR CAR ENGINES: AIR COOLING: MOTOR SHOWS IN FRANCE AND AMERICA.

Are Lighter Engines Needed?

The war has taught us many things, of course, and people in almost every walk of life have had to glean facts of interest from other fields, and, in some cases, to transplant them to their own. The motor industry, for one, has had to turn its hand to all manner of alien occupations, prominent among which has been the production of aircraft and aircraft engines. Speculations are therefore rife as to whether, in the latter category, there is anything to be learned from the new experience, and whether, in other words, we are likely to see the normal type of car engine modified, after the war, in any particular feature in conformity with aero-engine practice. At the very outset, of course, it will be remembered that the aircraft engine is amazingly light; and, as lightness is in most respects an advantage, it would be naturally assumed that efforts might be made to cut down the weight of a car-engine wherever possible, if any leaf can be taken out of the aero-motor designer's book. Against this, however, is to be set the fact that the engine is the last part of a motor-car chassis to be deemed worth fining down, for the simple reason that, even as it is, there is often not sufficient weight on the front axle to ensure comfortable driving; and unless careful attention were paid to the balance of the vehicle as a whole, the saving of weight in the engine would be a doubtful gain. The most uncomfortable cars to drive at the present day are those with full-sized bodies but small engines, which only pull the weight because they are capable of high acceleration. Engines with slightly larger bores and a lower maximum rate of revolutions per minute would give better results from the driver's point of view. The American low-efficiency engine, of course, goes to the opposite extreme, and the ideal lies between the two types.

Will Air Cooling Come?

Singularly enough, the wonderful efficiency of the aero engine is not produced by high revolution rates, as might have been expected from its extreme lightness. As a matter of fact, the aeroplane motor is slower than that of the car, for the simple reason that the propeller has to be reckoned with in the case of the former. But one achievement has been successfully attained in the aero motor which has many a time and oft been attempted in vain in the ordinary car-engine, and that is air-cooling. An aeroplane will fly with its engine entirely enclosed by a cowl, which shows that the motor is not dependent upon high speed through the air for keeping cool. Hitherto one has been disposed to regard the advocates of air-cooling for motor-cars as fanatics engaged in a hopeless quest, and the more so from the fact that many modern cars, even with water cooling, are insufficiently cooled for long mountain climbs and under sundry other conditions. At the same time, the fact that many

aero engines are able to dispense with the paraphernalia of water-tank, radiator, and pump goes to emphasise the importance of a moderate rate of revolutions, and may in the long run have its influence upon car-engine design.

The French Motor Show.

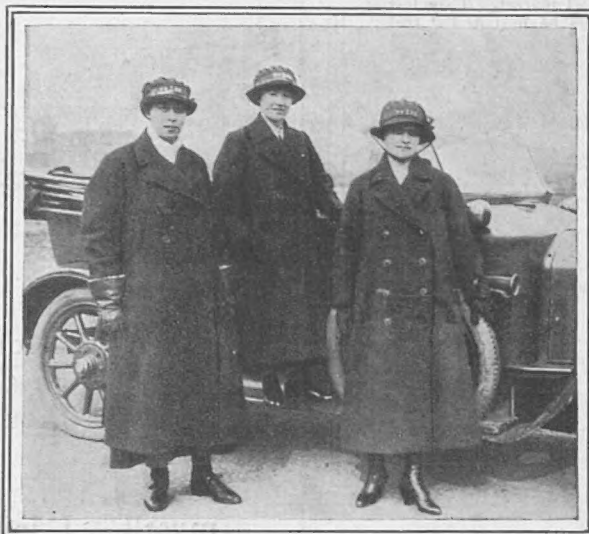
It sounds incredible, but is none the less a fact, that an automobile show has just been held in France! Though Lyons, not Paris, was the venue, the exhibition was of considerable dimensions. The silk city itself has long been famous for its automobile factories, which include such well-known *marques* as the Berliet and Rochet-Schneider, in addition to which the French motor industry as a whole supported the Lyons show and converted it into a remarkable demonstration of war-time enterprise. Clearly, the French manufacturers are looking well ahead, and, even if they cannot predict the terminal period of the war, at all events regard that consummation as within the bounds of possibility—a thing which, in our hours of pessimistic dulness, we sometimes feel almost inclined to doubt. Inevitably the Lyons show suggests memories of the past glories of the brilliant exhibitions in the Grand Palais in peace time, and speculations as to when they will be revived; and equally one may wonder how long it will be before Olympia again becomes a hive of motoring activity, with countless gleaming cars, and still more cars

outside bringing up visitors in legions. However remote we may imagine the prospect to be, one thing is certain, and that is that Olympia will come round again some day, and motoring will flourish anew—perhaps in less luxurious fashion as regards the cars themselves, but undoubtedly over a wider field than ever.

American Tendencies.

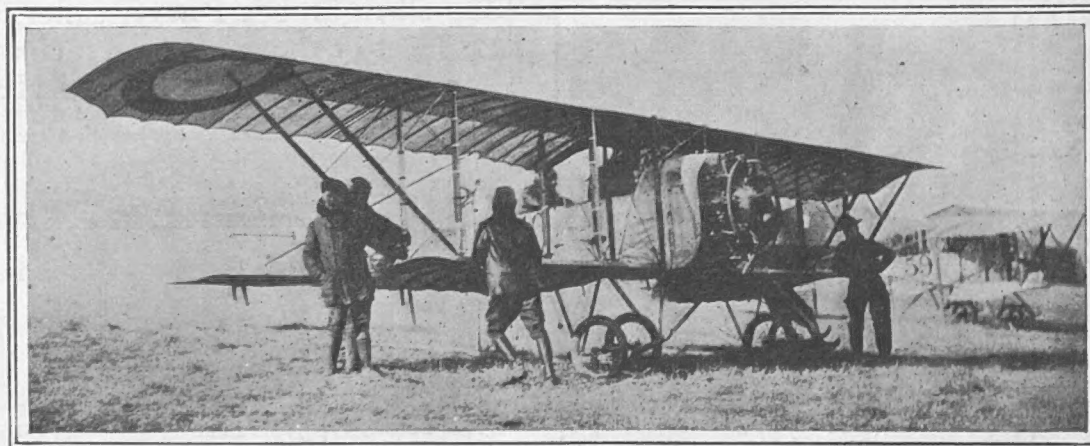
An analysis of the recent American automobile show reveals the fact that the twelve-cylinder motor has not made the progress that was expected of it on the other side—in fact, it was only displayed by nine firms. The most popular form of engine was the six-cylinder, of which there were 155 examples, while the

conventional four-cylinder had 82 adherents, and the eight-cylinder 36. But perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the show was the all-round increase in prices. Even including the array of runabouts, the average advance per car was £28, and this is not a little remarkable in a country which is so intimately associated with the democratisation of the automobile,



"WRENS" AT WORK: GIRLS OF THE W.R.N.S. WHO ARE DRIVING R.N.A.S. CARS.

Photograph by Alfieri.



WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS IN FRANCE: TWO AMERICANS GOING UP FOR A TRIAL FLIGHT.

Official Photograph.

and which now numbers cars by the million where other countries can only boast their thousands. The chief cause for this upward tendency in prices is the natural demand of the purchaser for something bigger and more comfortable in the way of bodies, and something a little more powerful in the way of engines.

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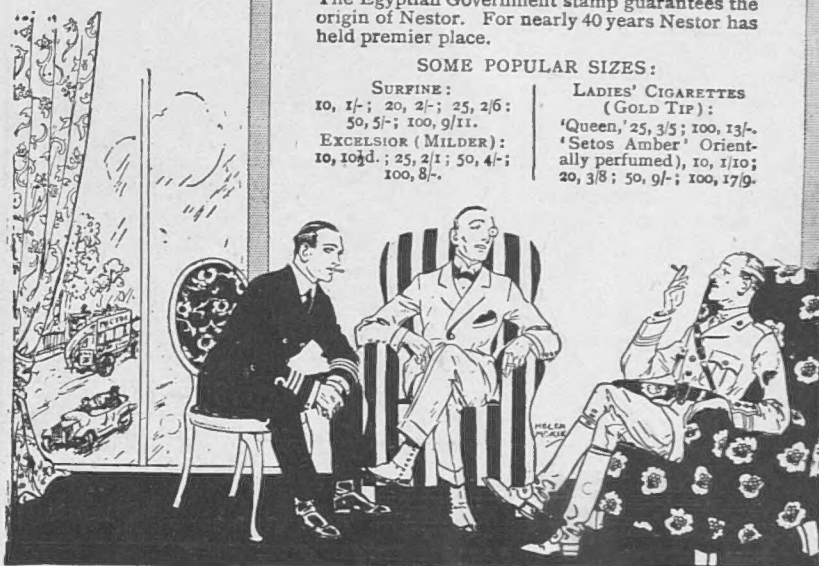
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EXCELSIOR (MILDER): 10, 10½d.; 25, 2/1; 50, 4/-; 100, 8/-.	



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